

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A SAD COLLAPSE IN THE EMPIRE

See
Page
Seven

NEW SKY WONDER

ROBOT IN THE PLANE

Astonishing Powers of a Little Spinning Wheel

EARTH AS A BIG GYROSCOPE

Of the coming of wonders there seems to be no end.

For many years Governments have been experimenting with robot pilots for aeroplanes, mechanical devices that will take control of flying-machines with uncanny efficiency, in fog or darkness, or while the human pilots are busy with other duties or asleep. Some of the robots are even controlled by wireless. Although there has been a great deal of secrecy over the developments it has long been known that the devices are adaptations of that fascinating toy the gyroscope. The spinning Earth itself is really a big gyroscope.

The Motive Power

Yet another automatic pilot has made its appearance. It has been developed by two Englishmen, Mr Pollock Brown and Mr Philip Bailey, and any flying-man can have it fitted to his machine. The apparatus is quite small, being enclosed in a box about a foot square which is placed between the human pilot's feet on the floor of his machine. The most important part of the device is a small gyroscope only five inches in diameter. A small wind-driven propeller mounted outside the fuselage provides the motive power to keep the gyroscope revolving rapidly when, by the operation of a switch, it is brought into action.

Now, when a gyroscope is rotating it resists any change of direction made by the object in which it is mounted. Advantage is taken of this resistance of the spinning gyroscope and it is made to operate controls which counteract the change of direction. Compressed air is usually the medium employed, but the new device is entirely hydraulic, oil being used in its pistons and cylinders.

Successful Tests

The gyroscope is mounted so that it spins on an axis in line with the plane's direction of flight. If weather or other conditions cause a change of direction the pressure exerted by the resisting gyroscope brings into action delicately-balanced gears which operate the normal controls of rudder or elevators. Thus, if the plane tended to deviate to the left the revolving gyroscope would immediately set the rudder to bring the machine on to a straight course. Once the robot has been put in control deviations from the line of flight are corrected instantly.

For three months one of the new robots has been tested in a Puss Moth machine and during 5000 miles of flying no adjustment has been necessary. In this machine the robot has controlled the rudder only, but the model which will soon be available for flying-men will control the elevators also. It will weigh only 30 pounds complete.

Arrows of Peace



The Redskin is no longer a savage roaming the North American plains, but on occasions he adorns himself in the traditional dress of his race for a harmless contest with bow and arrow.

A SAMPLER WITH THANKS

100 Years of a Good Law

SAMPLERS, we have been told by a collector of antiques, have no value unless they were worked before the middle of the 18th century.

We cannot believe it.

One of the most treasured samplers in the world, and certainly one that we should all be proud to claim as a family heirloom, is no more than a hundred years old.

In woollen letters it says: A Token of Respect to M. T. Sadler, Esq., M.P., from the Factory Children.

Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. for Newark, was chiefly responsible for the Act of 1833 which forbade the employment of children on night work and provided factory inspectors whose duty it was to enforce the law.

It is well that we should remember Michael Sadler, for last month the Act of 1833 was a hundred years old.

He worked devotedly for the unfortunate children who slaved long hours under unhealthy conditions in the cotton mills. At last he lost his seat, and with ruined health had to give up public work; but Lord Shaftesbury took over the parliamentary leadership for factory reform, and said:

"I come in to terminate in the twelfth hour the labour of eleven."

The little woollen sampler, so much more precious than any gold plate, is in the possession of Miss Emily Sadler, the reformer's granddaughter, herself a retired inspector of factories.

This centenary is as memorable in its way as the centenary of a great battle by sea or land. It marks the end of a great fight and the beginning of a better way of life. The little sampler that commemorates it is a treasure indeed.

ASTONISHING CHANGE IN INDUSTRY

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN TEN YEARS

The Great Transformation in Work and Workers

GOOD AND BAD POINTS

No longer are we to envisage Great Britain as a North of humming industry and a South of comparative quiet and repose. Since the war industry has made such strides in the South that a quite new array of factory and other industrial workers has arisen south of the Midlands.

At the same time the industries chiefly hit by the war and its consequences have suffered severely. These trades are coal, iron and steel, ship-building, marine engineering, cotton, and wool, mainly carried on in the North.

So the North has lost workers while the South has gained by the springing up of new trades. Around London, for example, hundreds of fine new factories have arisen.

Unfortunately, the loss in the North has to be set against the gain elsewhere; the total of factory workers has increased little.

Ten Years Growth

The Ministry of Labour puts the whole thing into figures for us by counting the number of persons insured against unemployment. This insurance covers most trades, but not agriculture, domestic service, railway workers, among others.

The number insured now is nearly fifteen and a half per cent greater than in 1932. From roundly eleven millions in 1932, that is, the insured workers have increased to 12,883,000 in only ten years. These figures include England, Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland, but not, of course, the Irish Free State.

In the last six years the number of insured workers in the Midlands and the South has increased by 754,000. It is now true that more than half the insured population is resident in these districts.

Losses and Gains

Here is a sketch of the variation of employments by big groups in the ten years:

In Transport and Distribution	the workers have increased	42 per cent
In Fishing		34 per cent
In Lighting and Water	nearly	11 per cent
In Commerce and Finance ..		9 per cent
In Manufactures		5 per cent

In the same time mining has declined and manufacturing has gained little, only five more workers for each 100 insured in 1933.

The greatest gain in employment has been in transport and distribution.

We cannot regard with satisfaction the almost stationary number of manufacturing workers, for we have far too many middlemen and distributors.

MORE FRIENDLINESS IN EUROPE

HERR HITLER'S HELPFUL WORDS

Heart-To-Heart Talks Between France and Germany

ANOTHER ROUTE TOWARD DISARMAMENT

As these words are written there is a definite prospect of happier relations between Germany and France.

In spite of the fall of the French Government owing to domestic disagreements, there have been conversations between Herr Hitler and the French Ambassador. These followed on interviews with representatives of French newspapers in which the German Chancellor declared that once the question of the Saar was settled there was nothing that need set France and Germany against each other, and that the fate of Alsace-Lorraine was settled.

As to France's claim for security he said that if she wished for a free agreement he was ready to hear everything, to understand everything, and to undertake everything.

The Dotted Line

With this spirit all is possible, and there is hope that the adoption of direct negotiations may result in a solution which will be just and lasting. The idea of the other nations drawing up a convention for disarmament and asking Germany to sign on a dotted line, as Sir John Simon so graphically expressed it, has been abandoned, and the Conference at Geneva has been postponed until Germany can come back into counsel as a real equal, as she is entitled to do.

A recent debate in the French Chamber proved conclusively that France is set on peace with no idea of war, though at the same time she wants to feel free to go forward without anxiety.

On the other side of Germany lies Poland as anxious as her ally, but Herr Hitler has had an assuring talk with her Ambassador with good results.

Our Government has wished well to direct negotiations between France and Germany, and we hope that substantial progress will be achieved.

A WIFE AND A HUSBAND

Why She Knelt Before Him

AN EARL'S TRIBUTE TO HIS HELPER

A burst of cheering broke through the formal atmosphere of an academic ceremony the other day, and for a moment knowledge and learning, though they did not fly out of the window, at least took a back seat while love came in at the door.

There can have been few at that gathering who did not feel the charm of the moment when Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, knelt before her husband to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature.

As Chancellor of London University the earl placed the scarlet hood on her shoulders and the cap of learning on her head. She rose and shook hands solemnly with him. She might have been the newest and most nervous graduate before this great man, and not till she returned to her seat did she allow a smile to break through.

But the Earl of Athlone could not bring himself to look on this new Doctor of Literature quite as impartially as perhaps the occasion demanded, and he said:

May I be forgiven for taking my wife first on the list? Of her I will only say this, that if I have been at any time of any little help to my country and my fellow-men, 75 per cent of the credit at the very lowest estimate is due to her.

A MAN WHO WOULD STAND ALONE

John Jay Chapman

HERO OF AMERICAN CIVILISATION

When I think of the word Hero (and in these days so dark for Europe we need to think of heroes) I think of John Jay Chapman, writes Mr Robert Nichols.

Many people have been thinking of John Jay Chapman in the last few weeks, for this American hero has died, leaving to the world a spirit and a courage the world much needs.

He it was who, when his airman son was shot down to die behind the German lines, long before the United States had entered the war, said to the reporters who pestered him in that sad hour:

I have only one thing to say to you, gentlemen. I thank God there was one American who knew the difference between right and wrong. Good day.

The Need to Think Aright

He was as fine to look at as he was fine in deed, a great tall man with a proud head that he was not ashamed to bow as he stood among a hostile crowd. Once he stood like that at Coatesville, where he had gone on the first anniversary of one of those lynchings which still stain American civilisation.

He had previously announced that he would hold a meeting of penance, to which he hoped the people of Coatesville would come, and the people's answer was that he would be shot if he did. But he went. He stood with a friend at prayer in their midst, and then he spoke to them on the need for each man to think aright and so form a public conscience that was strong and good. It seemed to those who stood round that they were in the presence of a saint, and no man raised his hand.

He was a poet and also a fine critical writer, and Shakespeare and Greek Genius are two subjects which specially appealed to him, a liberty-loving man of learning who, it has been said, himself was worthy of Plutarch's pen.

A HUT IN NOVA ZEMBLA

A Brave Old Story Retold

Russian explorers have found the William Barents hut in Nova Zembla.

Although the story is nearly 400 years old it seems as fresh as the snows.

Three times the Dutch explorer tried to find a north-eastern passage to Asia. On the third attempt, after rounding the north of Nova Zembla, his vessel was beset by ice.

He told his men they must winter in the North.

It was a terrible and wonderful time. They built a hut of driftwood, with a cask for a bath, a chimney through the roof, and plank beds for 18 men along the walls. Snow buried the hut, and bears tried to tear open the roof; but the men climbed up the chimney and fought them off. Blue foxes served for food and clothes, but the ice was "two fingers thick" inside the hut.

How terrible those long, monotonous months must have been; how homesick and quarrelsome and weary of each other the men must have become; and how great a strain rested on the leader who had brought them to this pass.

"When the spring comes," he must have said a thousand times, "the ship will be released."

But at last spring came, and still the ship was in prison.

On June 13, 1597, William Barents bid his men set forth in the open boats. By now he knew that the ship would never sail back to Amsterdam.

Those open boats actually brought most of the men to safety; but not the leader. He died toward the end of the month and was buried at sea, not far from the place where he had endured so much hardship and misery.

THE BLACK SQUAD

TOYING WITH DEATH ON THE HEIGHTS

Is it Time For a Careful Inquiry To Be Made?

PROTECT BRAVE MEN

Our modern days witness the growth not alone of Speed, which kills on the road, but of Height, which kills too many of those who construct and repair tall buildings.

In America the wonderful men who build the skyscrapers are known as the Black Squad. They draw big money, and they earn it by facing great dangers. It is amazing to contemplate the work of these fine fellows, perched dizzily at mountainous heights, riveting the beams and joists of the steel skeleton of what is really a street placed on end.

In America, it is said, the day of the skyscraper is over, for it is found that, by collecting the crowds that fill its thousands of offices, it creates insoluble traffic problems.

Higher British Buildings

However that may be, there is certainly a tendency here to increase the height of buildings, while it is now common practice to form big buildings by erecting a steel framework to be clothed in brick or stone or concrete.

Thus a new element of danger is introduced, and too often we read of deaths and serious injuries caused by falls from the new heights. In more than one such case the men have complained of lack of sufficient safeguards. The workers do not readily complain, for unemployment is common, and men cling to their jobs in spite of danger.

We believe the subject demands careful inquiry, with a view to framing new regulations.

Precautions Needed

The precautions required fall under two heads. It is necessary to provide the best of scaffolding, ladders, and so on. It is also of importance that men doing such work should abandon the use of loose or baggy clothing and be provided with carefully made boots to give them sure and firm foothold. The wearing of loose collars or neckties should be avoided. The work is acrobatic, and no acrobat risks his life in loose clothing.

THE THREE MISS HARRISONS

Makers of Happy Homes

Another Victorian pioneer has passed on after a long life of well-spent years.

Although she lived to be 94, Miss Amy Harrison was still working until ten days before she died as hard as many people work in the heyday of youth.

She was the last of three sisters who will be remembered with gratitude by generations of aged poor, for it was through their untiring work that the dream of their friend, Miss Green, came true. This was to found homes for penniless old people which were to be real homes. Only a few weeks ago Miss Harrison went to the opening by the Mayor of Kensington of the twentieth of these homes.

It was during a visit sixty years ago to a suburban workhouse that Miss Green realised the sadness of the lot of many old couples who had to be separated during their last years. With the help of the three Miss Harrisons she started the first home for these couples, which she meant to be a home indeed. She took a comfortable well-built house and allotted the larger rooms to married couples and the smaller to single people.

For fifty years Amy Harrison was one of the secretaries, and it was largely through her business ability and organising powers that the work grew steadily and became an important social reform.

GOOD NEWS FROM ST MARTIN'S

The Lean Years and the Fat

TRADE BAROMETER MOVES FROM STORMY TO FAIR

The Post Office has been called the barometer of trade, and certainly a recent report comparing its figures for the last twenty years interprets the lean years and the fat years as surely as Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's dream.

The fact that since March this trade barometer has been steadily rising from Stormy to Set Fair is the most cheering news we have heard for a long time. Even the telegrams, which, owing to the increasing use of telephones, had long been falling, show a rise for the first time for ten years, while C.O.D. parcels have beaten all records.

The Savings Bank deposits, which had declined from £25,000,000 in 1924 to £20,000,000 in 1931, have made a leap upward of £600,000. The total Post Office savings reach £320,000,000, and the total number of depositors exceed by a million those in 1912.

Everyone seems to be cheering up. About 657,000,000 more letters were sent during the last year than during the year before the war, and entertainment tax stamps are selling as gaily as the postage stamps, having fetched £401,000 this year as against £291,000 two years ago.

After all these colossal figures we are not surprised to learn that the Post Office handles more money in the year than is represented in the Budget. Its transactions involved £870,250,000 last year, more than twice the total for the year before the war.

NINE MEN HAVE WINKLES FOR TEA

And the Magistrate Twinkles

It is difficult to be serious about the humble periwinkle, that well-housed snail otherwise known as Winkle-for-Short. The mollusc has just cost nine French seamen four shillings apiece.

It seems that in France you can catch a winkle for tea whenever you please. Here, however, the winkle has a close season, when the law forbids one to catch him. The nine Frenchmen belonged to the good ship Versailles, and thought it no wrong to eat British winkles, but alas for their innocence! The strong arm of the law hauled them before the Lewes magistrates at the bidding of the Sussex Sea Fisheries Committee. The magistrates kept their countenances, and let the offenders off on payment of four shillings each for costs. The offending nine thanked the magistrates in good French and promised never to do such a thing again.

We understand that their handsome apology has met with the approval of the British Government.

THINGS SAID

I show a white handkerchief when walking at night so that motorists can see it.
Bishop of Exeter

Lloyd's often receives news of the movements of 3000 ships in a day.
Sir Percy Mackinnon

Do not speak as if the future were beyond the control of men of goodwill.
Sir John Simon

Three years ago I was advised to be careful walking upstairs lest the strain should be too great.

Mr Smythe of the Everest Expedition

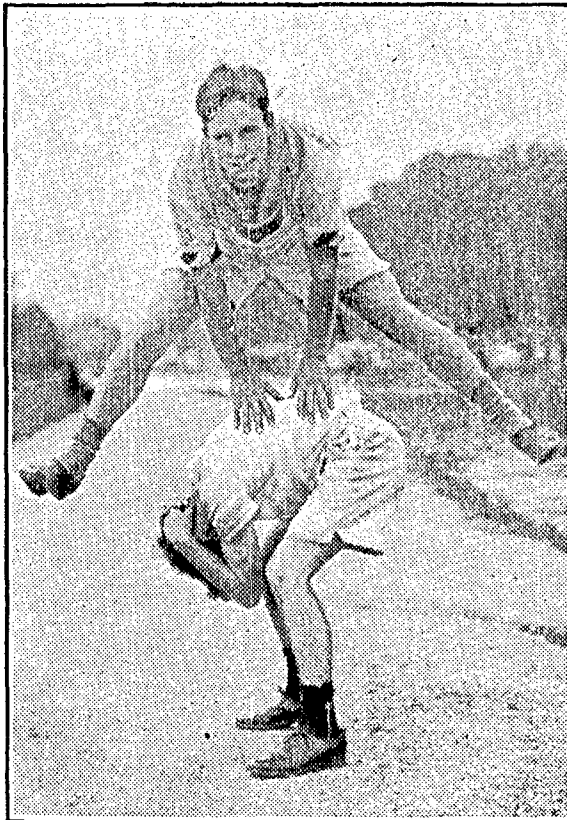
At least a quarter of America is at work on jobs the very names of which were not known 30 years ago.

Mrs Barbara Wootton

A MARKET IN JAVA • COPYING OLD MASTERS • A VERY BIG FISH



The Potter—In this picture we see an old potter putting the finishing touches to his wares at Kokand in Uzbekistan.



Keeping Warm—These Oxford rowing-men are keeping themselves warm by playing leap-frog along the towing-path.



A Javanese Market—Here is an animated scene in an open-air market in Java, one of the islands of the Dutch East Indies.



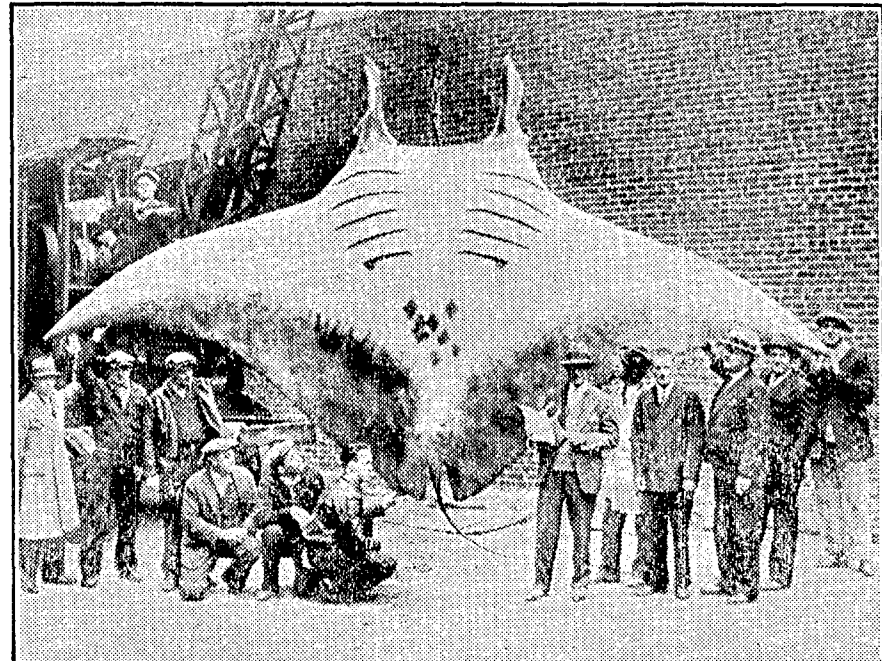
Copying Old Masters—On certain days of the week art students may be seen in the National Gallery, as in other well-known art galleries, copying famous paintings.



An Oxford Sidelight—The extraordinary number of bicycles in Oxford are among the minor sights of the city. Here are girl undergraduates on their way to lectures.



Pets on Show—Boys and girls brought their pet rabbits and poultry to be exhibited at the Young Farmers Club Show at Barming, near Maidstone.



Giant Ray—There has lately been exhibited in New York a ray 20 feet across and weighing over 5000 pounds. It was captured off the coast of New Jersey.

A MAN OF THE VELD

London's Roar of Welcome TWO GREAT MOMENTS IN HIS LIFE

It is some years since Leonard Flemming, a South African farmer, described two wonderful moments that came to him in life. He has lately been lecturing in London on The Call of the Veld, and his lecture inspired us to look up his account of those moments again.

One (he says) is that supreme moment when, after many years of hard work and complete solitude on the veld, I bundle out of the train at Waterloo, get into a taxi, and hear once more the roar of London's traffic around me. It is like a great roar of welcome to a man who has often longed for it.

The other thrill is (some seven or eight months afterwards) when I jump out of the little train at the railway siding near my farm, get into my cart, turn a bend in the road, and see in the distance, standing out sharply against the sky, the tens of thousands of trees I have planted, with my house showing up in the middle of them.

The New Home

They are two wonderful moments, those. A man who can feel like that naturally thrilled his audience. He told them how 25 years ago he trekked for five weeks till he reached Orange River Colony and chose a place for his new home.

It was on barren land 5000 feet high. He started with nothing and ended by making the home which thrills him every time he returns to it. He quarried the stone he needed, he bored for his water, he made 90,000 bricks to build his house, he dammed a river to turn desert into land which supported an ever-increasing stock, he grew thousands of trees where none had been before.

His London audience was in the fine new South Africa House at Charing Cross, and his hearers followed his adventures with pictures thrown on the screen and saw the whole thing grow before them. He shared with them the call of the veld and they shared with him the thrilling roar of London.

TAXES ON HEALTH

Whatever differences there may be on the general principle of taxing imports there should surely be none on the taxation of imported medicines.

Already our ten per cent tax on imports is applied to imports of Insulin, the preparation which, injected into the blood, succeeds in so many cases in saving the lives and usefulness of those afflicted with diabetes.

Insulin does not cure diabetes; it has to be regularly and continually used to replace a deficiency of secretion in the diabetic sufferer. Therefore its price is all important, especially to the tens of thousands of poor people who need it.

Not satisfied with the ten per cent the British manufacturers demand a duty of a third on the value of imported Insulin, and the case is being considered by a Board of Trade Tribunal under the Safeguarding of Industries Act.

HAVING A GOOD CRY ABOUT IT

A certain troop of Liverpool Scouts break the Scout Law regularly.

They all know that a Scout smiles and whistles, yet at intervals all they can do is to weep till tears run down their cheeks.

But this breach of discipline will no doubt be overlooked, for it is due to the fact that these Scouts have chosen to raise funds by peeling onions.

Once a week they meet and have a good cry together over the work, getting through three hundredweights of onions at a time. The onions are pickled, and the funds are growing.

A VILLAGE SEES ITSELF

Gallery of Wall Paintings in Woodgreen's Hall

TWO ARTISTS PICTURE THE LIFE AROUND THEM

After the news that the beauty of Kent villages is being put on lasting record by pictures on tiles, comes news that the walls of a village hall in Hampshire have been used to put on record the life of the village.

It is Woodgreen which has carried out this splendid idea. The wall paintings, unveiled by Sir William Rothenstein, are the work of two artists living in the village, Mr R. W. Baker and Mr E. R. Payne. They have not only painted the village, but have portrayed its people. Young Dick can go to the hall and see himself picking fruit, with Old Tom up the ladder next to him, while Harry is seen in the distance with the goats for milking. Here is Martha hanging out the washing, and Mary picking currants from laden bushes.

It is all delightful. Perhaps, as Sir William Rothenstein has suggested, it is the beginning of a something new in the history of English painting. We can imagine only one disappointment when these charming pictures are seen, and that is Mrs Tom's regret when she finds Old Tom's face turned away from the artist, so that there is only the back of his head to point out to admiring visitors as her old man.

KENT ON TILES

It is almost impossible to do anything new, but a genius can do old things in a new way.

Some genius has thought of making a picture gallery of Kent on tiles. Mr Donald Maxwell, so well known for his landscapes, is going to make pictures of the 350 villages or towns in Kent, and for every one of these another tile will be made, with lettering to record the most important facts concerning the place. Each village will have its own tiles (kept for safety in the church or town hall), and a complete set will probably be housed at Maidstone.

The Kent man living in some far-away colony will be able to sit at night watching the flames light up pictures of his old home. Tiles are older than the Romans; but here is a new way with tiles, and the Kent Community Council is to be congratulated on having found it.

TWO MEN 11 MILES HIGH

For a great number of years ballooning was considered to be an exciting sport or amusement, but today ascents are made for scientific purposes.

Two American aeronauts have lately taken a trip into the stratosphere with numerous scientific instruments to learn something of the mystery of the cosmic rays; and their observations may throw some light on the origin of the Universe.

During their trip the aeronauts, Lieutenant-Commander Settle and Major Fordney, reached 61,237 feet, or more than eleven and a half miles. Only once before has this height been exceeded, when, in October, two Soviet aeronauts went more than a thousand feet higher.

POURING CONCRETE

Seventy-two men began at 7 o'clock one morning to pour concrete.

They poured all day without stopping, and did not stop till 1.30 the next morning.

Altogether 900 tons of concrete went to make the great block they needed for a bed for the engines of the new long-wave wireless station at Droitwich.

A CROWD WORTH HAVING

The Chicago Exhibition was visited by 23,000,000 people, who spent 40,000,000 dollars. No wonder it is to be opened again next year.

SCIALOJA

A Hero's Great-Grandson

Peace has lost a friend. Vittorio Scialoja has died at 77.

His great-grandfather died on the scaffold for love of freedom. The same passion drove his father out of Naples. The boy could not help being a patriot. At 24 he occupied a University chair. He was first and foremost a teacher and scientist, and disliked party politics, but it seemed his duty to stand for election, and he became a Senator.

For a time he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was the first to try to solve the Adriatic problem by direct negotiation with Yugo-Slavia.

He was the first Italian delegate to the League of Nations, and his brilliant intellect and prestige greatly helped the cause. Sometimes he criticised, but the League had no stauncher friend. Well did he know that civilised nations, like civilised men, cannot live alone. Only savages on desert isles can do that.

BY HOOK OR CROOK Starting With Fourpence

Even if a man has been out of work for weeks he must put something into his children's Christmas stockings.

That is what the unemployed of Leeds decided. If they could not buy they must make. So they banded themselves together, under the leadership of an unemployed joiner, and produced such a delightful collection of playthings that someone said they must be exhibited; and it was such a fine exhibition that the Mayor of Leeds promised to open it.

The Woodsley Occupational Centre which turned out these clever and attractive things was started with a capital of fourpence, and the capital was spent all at once! The rashness was justified. The workers have been able to turn out more toys than they need for their own families, and are organising a Christmas Party.

CHESHIRE SINKS A LITTLE LOWER

C.N. readers will remember an account of the sinking of Northwich and other Cheshire villages, owing to the salt-mine workings.

While houses are being propped up and even removed to safer sites, and sunken roads being made safe for traffic, other parts of the county sink nearer and nearer to danger. Parts of Marston and Wincham are on the edge of an earthquake, for a great hole 50 feet wide and 300 feet deep has opened near the Trent and Mersey Navigation Canal.

Gangs of men are hard at work making emergency lock-gates to prevent the canal bank from bursting. Expert watchers and listeners are on duty, for rumbling sounds underground often give warning of subsidence. Inhabitants of all threatened houses are ready to leave at short notice.

PRINCESS MARY COMES DOWN THE STREET

A party of friends motoring through one of the Yorkshire Dales has arrived home with this amusing story.

They had entered a village with a long narrow street, not too easy to negotiate, when they were pulled up by the village policeman.

"Draw in to one side, will you?" he said to them. "Princess Mary is just coming along."

The car was stopped, and the party looked out to see the royal visitor; but to their astonishment only a big traction engine came lumbering down the street, nearly filling it.

As it went puffing past them they caught a glimpse of the name on its side. It was *Princess Mary*.

Pocklington School is to have a scholarship in memory of William Wilberforce, its most famous scholar.

ON THE TRACK OF INFLUENZA

Visible Germ and Invisible Poison

WORK OF A ROYAL MEDALLIST

On Dr P. P. Laidlaw, who has received from the Royal Society a royal medal, the thanks of the whole world may some day be bestowed, for he has put science on the track of the cause of influenza.

Influenza, like the common cold from which so many are now suffering, is not caused by a germ that can be seen, but by an organism so small that the greatest microscope cannot disclose it as an individual.

It is only by its effects and its powers of growth and multiplication that it can be recognised; and even when it is present in possible billions it can still be only described in bulk as a virus, or by a simpler word as a poison.

Six years ago Dr Laidlaw, pursuing the study of virus diseases in general, examined with the most successful results the cause of distemper in dogs. He proved that distemper was caused by a virus and not by a germ, and he found a way of preventing the onset of distemper by inoculation.

An Opened Door

Distemper was the first virus disease to yield to examination and treatment, and it opened a door to further research in other virus diseases, in yellow fever, for example.

But research into the very important virus disease of influenza could not be pursued as in dog distemper, because it could not be made the subject of experiment. It attacks human beings, and possibly chimpanzees, but apparently no other animals.

Dr Laidlaw found the way out of the experimental difficulty. He discovered that though a ferret, for example, could not be inoculated with human influenza under ordinary conditions, if at the same time it was inoculated with a recognisable and visible germ usually present in patients suffering from influenza it would incur influenza.

Two things were necessary for infection: they were the invisible virus and the visible microbe.

With this knowledge in its hand science, knowing how influenza actually arises, can go on to find a way of preventing it.

THE PLUS-FOURS FELLOW

Five guineas is not much to give for the supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary, declares Peter Puck, because at last he knows why plus-fours are called plus-fours.

He imagined it was a sarcastic name, implying that the golfer wearing them wanted to be taken for a "tiger," a player who, instead of having a handicap, was plus four. Not at all.

In order to produce the overhang tailors usually add four inches to the length required for ordinary knickerbockers. And so Plus-Fours.

A MINUTE'S SILENCE AMONG THE PICTURES

The name of Leopold Pilichowski was little known outside art circles till a gathering of Londoners stood for a minute's silence in memory of him in a room crowded with his pictures.

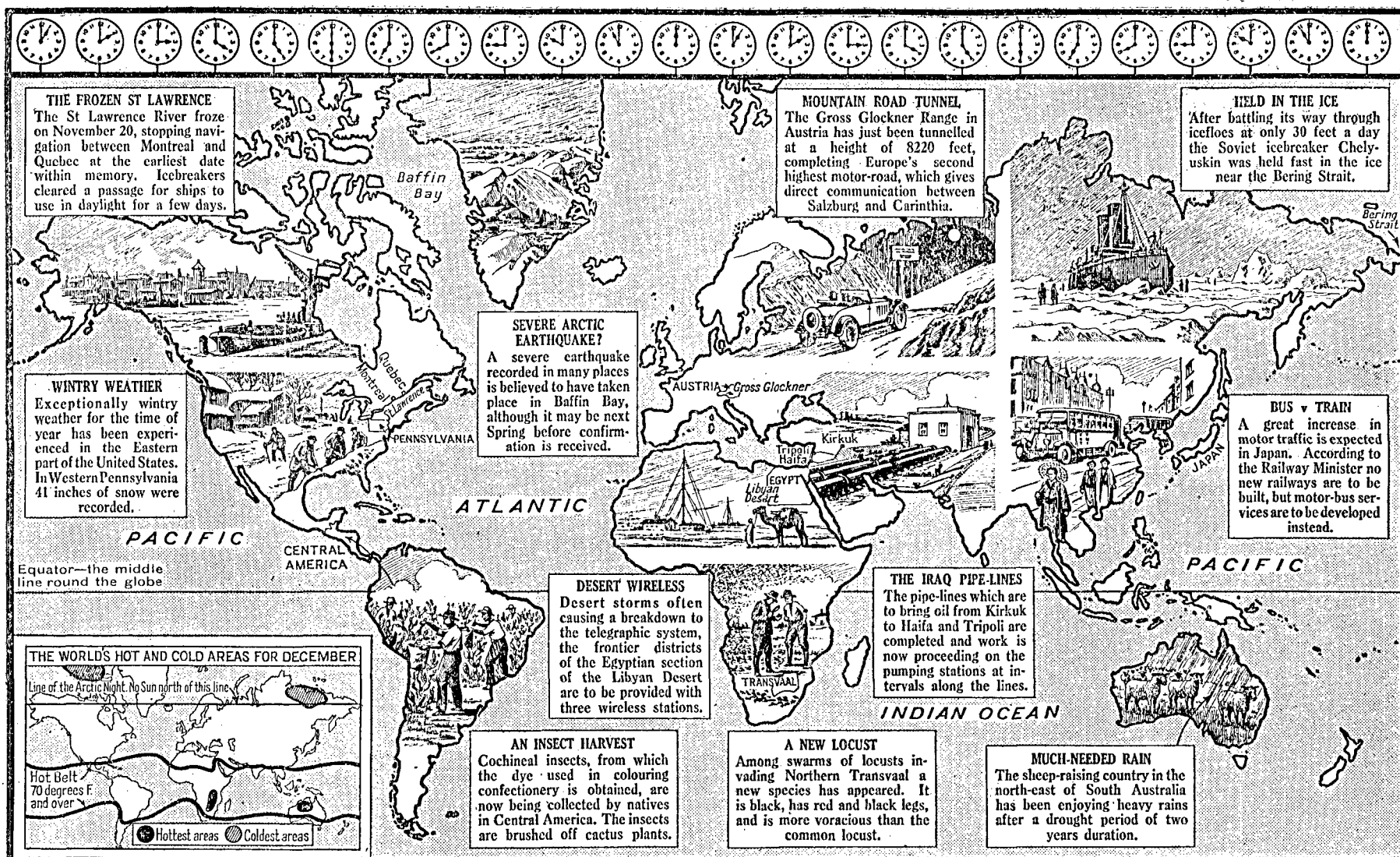
It was the Polish Ambassador who called for this silence among 250 of the artist's paintings, for, though Mr Pilichowski had made England his home for nearly 20 years, he was a Pole.

He has been acclaimed the first great Jewish national painter.

A NEW AIR LINE

Before it was even open 1000 tickets were sold for the new air service now working in connection with America's Central Vermont Railway.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE BIG VICARAGE ON A SMALL INCOME Relic of Days Gone By

A clergyman's wife came from Yorkshire the other day to beg the Church Assembly to do something for the many village clergymen who have to live in vicarages the size of palaces.

"If you played a brass band in my kitchen," she said, "I do not think it would be heard in the drawing-room."

We all know those great mansions, relics of the days when rich families distributed the livings among their rich relatives.

Today, as another clergyman's wife put it, many vicar's wives have to run a £3000-a-year house on a £300-a-year income. It is difficult for them on their own to let such houses, but it is hoped some Church authority will do this for them, or else sell the old vicarage and use the money to buy a house where the vicar and his wife will not have to spend their spare time scrubbing floors or trying to keep unused rooms from falling into ruin.

WHY HE GOES AGAIN

When Admiral Byrd offered to take a representative of the Boy Scouts on his Antarctic Expedition in 1928 Paul Siple was the Scout chosen.

Now Paul Siple is off on another Antarctic Expedition with Admiral Byrd, but this time not only because he is a Boy Scout, but because he is considered an important member of the scientific staff.

He worked so hard and learned so much on the first expedition that he is now head of the biological department.

WHAT HAS GLASGOW TO SAY?

A policeman has shot an otter in the canal at Maryhill, Glasgow, and another man shot a stag for fun at Linn Park, Glasgow. What has Glasgow to say about such sportsmen?

THAMES TIDES Floods in the Tidal Basin

The Thames flood of 1928, which reached such remarkable levels, is mentioned in a serious Report by a joint committee of the Ministries of Health and Agriculture.

There is evidence of land subsidence in south-east England, and especially in London. This, combined with surges from the North Sea, exposes the Thames tidal basin to the danger of serious flooding. A permanent Joint Committee has been proposed to watch and work in the matter.

PUFFING BILLY 147

While the C.N. has been collecting records of long service among men and women another paper has been collecting records among steam-engines.

Several centenarians have been found still puffing out steam and turning the wheels, and there is a Boulton-Watt beam engine working for a Chard firm that was second-hand when it was installed in 1813.

But the oldest of all seems to be a Methuselah which helps to drain the oldest colliery in Yorkshire. It is at Barnsley, where it started work 147 years ago. George the Third was on the throne then, but it was there to be inspected by George the Fifth when he first went down a mine.

WITHOUT A FLAW

Punctually at 7.40 every morning a little old lady in a red shawl and the traditional Lancashire clogs passes through the big gates of a cotton mill in Hyde.

Mrs Ann Hassall is 80 and is still working. After 71 years in the mill she is proud of the fact that she has never once been up for bad work.

What an amazing length of good sound cloth she must have woven in those 71 years!

ONE GOOD WAY OF HELPING Miners Share Their Work

The Welsh miners of Blaenavon have arrived at an excellent common-sense plan to share what work is going.

Blaenavon has four collieries and 853 unemployed miners. The work suffices to keep 1199 men on full time. By bringing in all the unemployed and sharing the work equally each miner will get about 32 weeks work in the year. The plan is approved by the Trade Union, the South Wales Miners Federation. Why should it not be adopted everywhere?

ROUND ENGLAND WITH THE CALENDAR

A calendar with space for engagements and with photographs that can be used as postcards is the ingenious idea of a friend of the C.N.

The calendar is called English Glimpses, and takes us all round England with the year. There are two photographs for every month, and so charming are they that it is good to find, when the month is up, that they can be sent to someone, for they are printed at the back as postcards.

If your bookseller or stationer does not stock it this clever calendar can be bought for 3s from William Beecroft, 9 Romilly Road, London, N.4.

EATING THEIR OWN BREAD

Despite her increased and increasing population Italy is this year producing all the wheat she requires for her own domestic needs. Her population is now about 43,000,000.

This result has been secured by improving both land and crops. Prizes are given every year for the best crops, and there is great emulation. The yield per acre has been raised considerably in recent years.

GOOD IDEAS DO PAY The Free Wire Follows the Free Postcard

In these pages, we believe, the Business Reply Card idea was first introduced to the British public.

Its adoption by the Postmaster-General has proved a great success, for over 9000 licences to employ it have been granted.

A licensed firm can issue special unstamped reply cards to customers and engage to pay the postage on such as are returned by post.

These free postcards are a great help to business.

So with the new Business Reply Telegram service. A registered user can issue special telegram forms bearing the notice:

This form will be accepted without prepayment for the transmission of a telegram not exceeding ... in value.

The issuing firm pays the cost of any forms actually used, together with a small yearly registration fee.

Excellent! Our P.M.G. is a worker; his name is Sir Kingsley Wood.

A HAWK FROM THE BLUE

"A long-footed grey bird with a black beak has fallen on the deck" was a message recently sent out by the wireless operator on one of the Blue Star's steamships.

There was a ring round the bird's foot, which eventually proved it to be a hawk ringed at Versailles.

It had had a long flight, for the ship was over 2000 miles from France when the hawk came aboard.

SHORTHAND CHAMPION

By transcribing two shorthand tests of 200 words and 210 words a minute in the time usually allowed for one, Mr Alfred S. Rosebottom of Hyde has set up a new record.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 9 1933

Living Words

ONE of the reasons why 1933 will be remembered is that it saw the finish of the Oxford English Dictionary. The O.E.D. is the greatest enterprise of its kind the world has ever known.

As it stood in 1928 the Dictionary consisted, in about a dozen volumes, of over 15,000 large quarto pages in which half a million English words were defined and described and traced, by way of their occurrence in print, back to their source. It is more than a dictionary, it is a social history, an encyclopedia, a mirror of the race. There are very few authorities in which serious students can rest and feel that they need search no farther; this Dictionary is one of them.

When the main work was finished in 1928 anyone might have thought its editors would rest. Indeed not! No sooner was the work done than it was begun again. In this Dictionary we see our language, the vital living tongue of the people, growing through the centuries as a tree grows, adding leaves and losing them, always the same tree, always different. Our language is changing every day. Aircraft, photography, the motor-car trade, to mention but three features of the present day—all have altered the language; every new invention, new class of work, scheme of thought, development of art, group of fashions, toss new words into the language. It is no good girding against it and saying this is smart modern slang and it will pass; pass it does not. The slang and flippant words today become the fixed speech of tomorrow. Even our old enemy the Litter-Lout must be provided for.

Nothing is more mysterious than the way these new words appear. From what source for the first time did newspapers borrow words such as *movies*, *slimming*, *pacifist*, *futurism*? Were they said for the first time by someone making a joke, by a person in a hurry trying to explain something quickly and vividly in one word? We shall never know.

Never again will any English dictionary-makers have the colossal labour the makers of the O.E.D. have had, for the language up to date is caught and imprisoned in these beautifully printed pages.

No dictionary will ever be finished as long as the race endures in its present vital strength: the work of a strong people means the creation of new words. Even so long ago as Caxton's day that splendid printer complained that the language changed every month like the Moon!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Speed At Any Price

PUBLIC opinion is rightly concentrating on Speed as the prime cause of our terrible road disasters.

Even the fogs have failed to check speed. Before us is a picture of two motor-lorries which in the fog smashed into each other and killed both drivers on November 20. The vehicles were reduced to a rubbish heap, but the poor fellows who were killed might have been saved from themselves by wise speed regulations.

The Endless Tragedy

IN the first nine months of this year 4688 persons were killed and 151,396 injured on the roads of England and Wales.

The great increase over last year (nearly 400 more deaths and 10,000 more woundings) is due to several causes. More motors are used, trade is better, and speed is increasing.

So that as trade improves the casualty list will continue to grow if the Government remains an idle spectator of this tragedy.

Public opinion is hardening in favour of speed limits sternly enforced. Nothing less will serve, but there should also be strict examination of all drivers to ensure their fitness.

Remember the Miner

THE day before a sad mining disaster near Chesterfield, when 14 miners were killed by a pit explosion, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres opened a Mines Rescue Station near Leigh in Lancashire. It cost £30,000.

This Rescue Station is a central establishment, and it is a thoroughly good conception. Equipped with the finest devices, it holds ready a corps of skilled men who can be sent to any mine in the coalfield.

We earnestly hope every coalfield will adopt this excellent idea, and we hope that every C.N. boy and girl will remember the miners in their prayers. Every day three or four of them are killed and over a hundred injured.

Fairy Tales in the Mayor's Parlour

THERE is a touch of the fairy tale still left in everyday life. It is in the Mayor's Parlour.

We are reminded of it by the new mayors who have just taken office. Here are a few of the Dick Whittingtons of our time.

James Shannon, Mayor of Oldham, has known what it is to be homeless.

Wigan's mayor, James Horne, began life in a mine and has worked there for 50 years.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester, Alderman Binns, started work in a warehouse when he was 12.

But we understand that they have all reached their high position by hard work and owe nothing to fairy godmothers or magic wishes.

How To Deal With Hate

THE Prophet was sleeping alone at the foot of a tree, at a distance from his camp, when he was awakened by a noise and beheld Durther, a hostile warrior, standing over him with a drawn sword. Mohammed, cried he, who is there now to save thee?

There is God, replied the Prophet; and, struck with awe, Durther let fall his sword, which was instantly seized by Mohammed. Brandishing the weapon, he exclaimed, Who is there now to save thee, O Durther?

Alas! no one, replied the soldier. Whereupon said Mohammed: Then learn from me to be merciful. So saying he returned the sword, and thenceforth these two were friends.

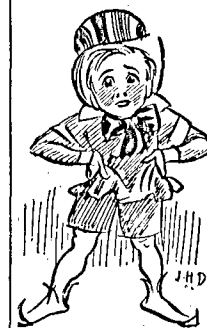
Tip-Cat

A SPEED record has been broken by a five-hundredth of a second. Surely a record in record-breaking!

You meet some curious people in the provinces, declares a Londoner. What are they curious about?

CHILDREN, it is said, sometimes grow away from their parents. And when they are with them they still grow.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a shopwalker's post is one of much standing

by his appearance. The farmer has a furrowed brow.

Now is the time to test your blankets, says a housewife. Haul them over.

THERE is said to be a lot of money in rabbits. They prefer cabbages.

CHILDREN should be taught to respect trees. They usually look up to them.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SIR LEONARD LYLE has given £2250 to Queen Mary's Hospital as a thank-offering for his wife's recovery.

THE CARNEGIE TRUST has given £10,000 to extend the regional library service.

ABOUT 100 tons of air mails are now posted every year.

AN unemployed labourer who found a wallet with £60 tracked down its owner and returned it to him.

JUST AN IDEA

Are not most of us so busy living our own lives, trying to get the best out of life for our own particular world, that we have hardly time to be kind?

Let Her Remember

My good kind friend had once a home

Where only two could dwell:
A roof of thatch, a crazy path,
A crazy lamp as well

Which through her latticed window gleamed;

One tree, one square green croft.
But now she has a house that's grand,

With carpets spongy soft;

SOME glorious acres, flashing cars,
Sweet rooms for many a guest,
Feasting and lights and serving-maids

To wait on her behest.

SPIRIT of simple things, keep still
Her vision; let us find

That still ways of compassion roam

Unravaged through her mind.

For as man heaps his toys he says
"I will Remember," yet

Does affluence in his ears suggest
The whispered word Forget.

Let her give thought for homeless men,

For children needing bread,
And let no lonely spirit cross
Her path uncomfirmed.

Marjorie Wilson

The Rose Seller

By Our Outdoor Girl

We like the kind of luck that comes from kindly hearts. This story of it is from Hampstead.

WE spoke of roses today, and this evening we met the wife of a well-known pianist out for a walk.

She is one of those wonderful people who have large families and large hearts. If you want to buy a car, or a bookcase, she knows someone who wants to sell one. If you want help she is ready to give it. She is always helping.

Today, while she was out on one of her many flying errands, a man selling roses stopped her and begged her to buy some. He had sold nothing that morning and despaired of doing so. Would she be so kind . . . ? She could ill-afford them, but she bought two, and I expect she smiled at him.

Whether it was the smile and the sunshine or the colour of his roses nobody knows, but an hour or so later someone ran after her. It was the rose-seller. He had sold nearly all his roses and had come to thank her for buying the first! "You brought me luck," he said.

To One Who Will Not Get Up

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise,
Which, having no leader,
No inspector, or ruler,
Provideth her food in the summer,
Collecteth her meat in the harvest.
How long, O sluggard, wilt thou lie?
When wilt thou arise from thy sleep?
A little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands to rest;
So shall thy poverty come like one
who travelleth,
And thy want like an armed man.

Great decisions, somebody has finely said, calm great hearts.

December 9, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

7

FINE PEOPLE SPOILED
BY BAD POLITICSPERIL OF OUR OLDEST
COLONYSad Collapse of Free Democracy
in NewfoundlandCONSTITUTION TO BE
SUSPENDED

A sad fate has befallen our oldest British Colony.

A Royal Commission on Newfoundland, consisting of three members, nominated by the British Government, Canada, and Newfoundland herself, has reported that the Constitution of the Island, making it a Self-Governing Dominion, should be suspended, and its affairs vested in the Governor, who would be directly responsible to the Imperial Government.

The Governor would not be a Dictator, but would be advised by a Special Commission of Six, three from home and three from Newfoundland, to be appointed by the King. Parliament would be shut up and the island given a "rest from politics."

A Very Grave Document

The Report is a very grave document, for it impeaches Newfoundland politics of dishonesty and corruption, and declares that the small population has been reduced to pitiable poverty, with a quarter of the people living on public relief prior to the opening of the fishing season.

This after centuries of effort. Truly is Newfoundland called Britain's Oldest Colony, for John Cabot discovered it in 1497, five years after Columbus discovered America. It is almost as big as England, but much of it is water and marsh. The population is only about 277,000, most of whom now live at a general level of "bare subsistence."

Public Debt £400 a Family

The desperate position reached in 1933 is partly due to the world crisis, but chiefly to unsound finance, public and private. The hard work of a fine people, to whom the Commissioners pay special tribute, has been ruined by the wasteful and corrupt expenditure of vast Government Loans and by a vicious credit system in the fisheries which leaves the fishermen always in debt.

The Public Debt now stands at about £415 for each Newfoundland family, and most of the people are poor fisherfolk.

As the people cannot find the interest on such a sum Newfoundland is for the time bankrupt, and last December the Government failed to pay the interest due. That default led to the appointment of the Royal Commission.

It is recommended that the Imperial Government should guarantee the interest of a new 3 per cent loan to pay off the present dearer loans and thus save the island £350,000 a year.

To Restore Working Power

Even more important are the recommendations on economy. The Commission recognises that Newfoundland needs healthy working conditions. She has about 68,000 fishermen, 3000 farmers, 6000 industrial workers, and 2500 miners. Fishing is the mainstay, and it is reduced to stagnation and what the Report terms a "blunting of the moral sense" by the credit system already mentioned. The Report says the fishing industry must be reorganised on modern scientific lines.

The island also needs new industries and energetic administration to put new life and spirit into its depressed people. What can be done in other directions is indicated by the great work of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, which since 1920 is stated to have invested millions of pounds in exploiting timber and copper.

The Party System has been carried to extreme lengths for many years in

NO MAN'S LAND

A CURIOUS strip of territory belonging to no nation is in the Pyrenees Mountains, at an altitude of 3300 feet, hard by the French-Spanish frontier. But it belongs neither to France nor to Spain.

At least a hundred Basque inhabitants acknowledge no dominion and pay no taxes. They live in accordance with their own ancestral laws. This village of approximately twenty dwellings is called Kentoa; it lies far off the beaten track and it is almost impossible to find it without a guide.

Long ago the French king Louis Philippe and Philip the Second of Spain signed a Treaty declaring Kentoa to be independent territory until such time as a decisive settlement should be come to respecting the Franco-Spanish frontier.

This temporary settlement holds good up to date, and the frontier between both countries, through impassable

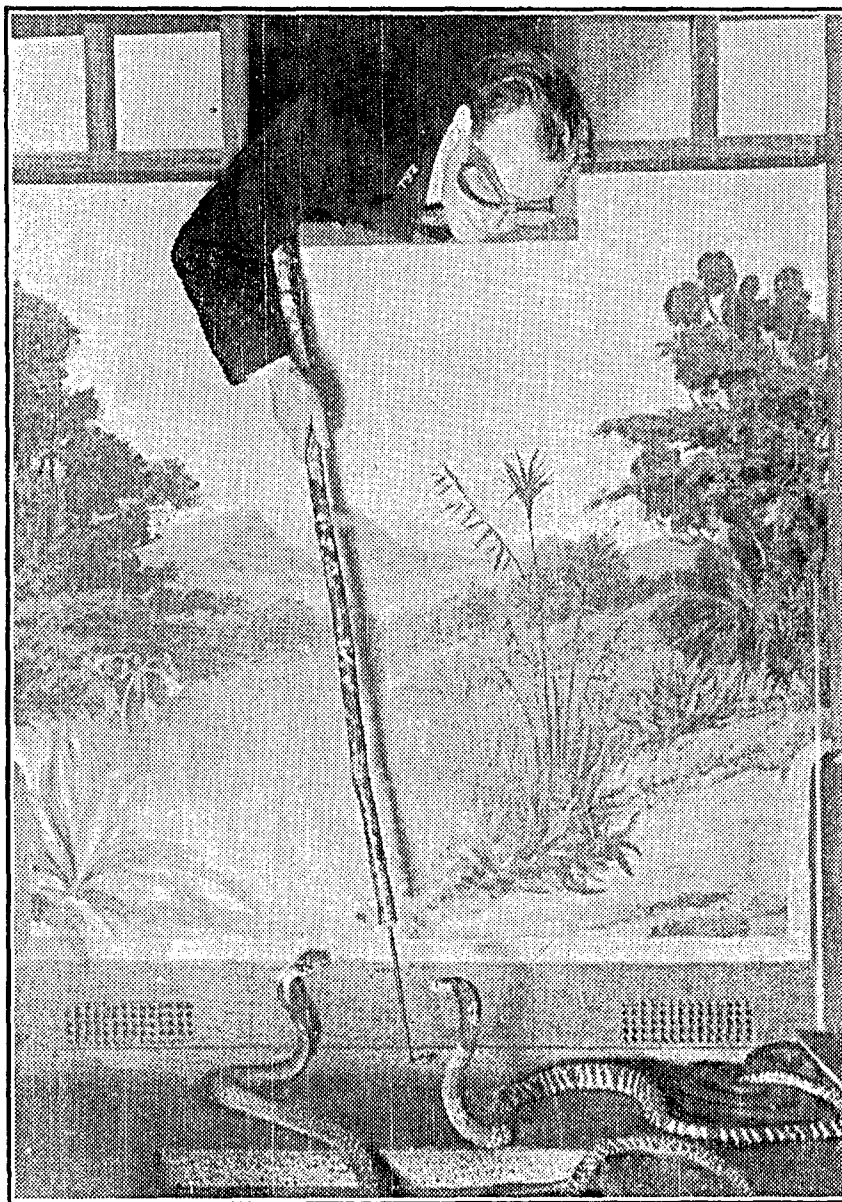
mountains and desert valleys, in many places has no boundary.

The inhabitants of Kentoa go to church in France and bury their dead in Spain. They speak the Basque dialect, and are very offended if asked whether they are French or Spanish.

True, a few dwellers of this No Man's Land took French nationality and went to live in France, but the natives look upon them as renegades. The same criticism is applied to those who emigrate to Spain, for the inhabitants of Kentoa cherish their independence.

Such independence, of course, carries some inconveniences; Kentoa has neither roads nor a police force. But, on the other hand, the native population take little thought of these deficiencies, for travel never comes their way; and they maintain order by having recourse to the customs of their ancestors.

A PEACEMAKER AT THE ZOO



Great care is necessary in dealing with poisonous snakes at the London Zoo, for they can eject venom at a considerable range. In this picture the keeper, who is parting two quarrelsome cobras, is wearing a pair of motoring-goggles to protect his eyes.

Continued from the previous column

Newfoundland, and the Report says there has been "a continuing process of greed, graft, and corruption which has left few classes of the community untouched by its insidious influences." It is not too much, the Report says, to say that the present generation of Newfoundlanders have never known enlightened government.

So far has corruption gone that the word "politician" has become a term of abuse. We quote this passage from the Report of the Commissioners:

It has been the practice for each incoming Government to side-track or sweep away all Government employees who were either appointed by or were suspected of any connection, direct or indirect, with their predecessors, and

to replace them with their own nominees, irrespective of the qualifications of the latter.

Post Office and railway employees, Customs officials, relieving officers, fishery and timber inspectors and wardens, members of the fire control staff, lighthouse keepers, and even stipendiary magistrates—all are liable to sudden dismissal.

This is what is called the Spoils System, well known in America; it turns Democracy into Jobbery.

The Imperial Government has notified Newfoundland that it is willing to come to the rescue on the Commission's terms. The Dominion possesses self-government and cannot be deprived of it, even temporarily, save with its own consent; but that consent, it appears, is not being refused.

THREE BIRTHDAYS

ALL WORTH
REMEMBERINGA Very Young Nation and a
Very Old Cathedral

A TEACHER'S PROUD RECORD

In three countries we are remembering three birthdays. One is the 15th anniversary of Latvia or Lettland, one of Europe's youngest children, a republic that came into being in 1918, made up of pieces of Baltic States.

Latvia has had an uphill job since the war, during which she fought on Russia's side. When the life of the State began its children were war-scattered; there was no organisation. In its area of 25,000 square miles about a million and a half people had to settle down to learn to live healthy lives, govern themselves, pay their way, and be at peace with their neighbours. During fifteen years Latvia has worked well.

An Agricultural Country

She has broken up large estates and parcelled out the land among the working folk, giving them that good healthy feeling of belonging to their country and to each other which is the real basis of a democratic government. Mainly an agricultural country, she has tilled her ground and got good harvests of oats, rye, barley, and flax. She is developing manufactures and electrical power. With that magnificent seaboard of hers she knows she is of great importance in the commercial world. On the whole Latvia has kept her end up, and is on good terms with her neighbours, all of which should make for a happy birthday.

Then we are thinking of an old lady who is beginning to be proud of her age, Selma Lagerlof, the writer, now 75. She can look back on a life of good work well done and much distinction.

A Nobel Prize-Winner

Madame Lagerlof was the first woman to be admitted to the Swedish Academy. That happened in 1914. Five years earlier she had won the Nobel Prize, an achievement no other Swede had made.

She began her working life as teacher, toiling for ten years in a girls' school in Stockholm; after that she was a governess in another part of the country. She began writing in her spare time, and after 1895 ceased to follow any other profession. Her imagination seized on the history and legend and folklore of her native province, and this was the ground of her first big work, Gosta Berling's Saga.

Ever after that Europe kept an eye on Selma Lagerlof. She was a hard worker and an inspired worker. Of the many books from her pen the most famous is Jerusalem. This has been described as the greatest epic of peasant life in Swedish literature.

It is pleasant to recall the reasons which made the judges award this writer the Nobel Prize for literature: "On account of the noble idealism and rich fantasy which characterise her work."

Beauty Endures

Our third birthday friend is a very old lady indeed—Exeter Cathedral, aged 800, and very carefully preserved.

In a world where there is so much contention and quarrelling it is good to remember the things that belong unto our peace: the loveliness of this cathedral, which has gladdened the hearts of men and inspired noble thoughts for so many hundred years, so that we know beyond all doubt that sorrow passes and beauty endures; the feeling of goodwill and staunch endeavour in Europe's growing child, fifteen years old; and the sense of the great comfort there is to the world in great tasks accomplished, as shown in the record of a writer like Selma Lagerlof.

BONES THAT TELL A TALE

Village Destroyed To Build a Palace

NONSUCH TODAY

*Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to
men's eyes.*

We have been reminded of Shakespeare's words by the discovery in Nonsuch Park in Surrey of some human bones and an old clay pipe.

Workmen found these remains when they were excavating to lay a sewer. The bones are thought to belong to the vanished graveyard of Cuddington Church, destroyed by Henry the Eighth 400 years ago. This is their story.

In the 16th century Henry the Eighth, searching for a site to build a palace to "outrival every royal palace in Christendom," destroyed the village of Cuddington to make room for it. A Florentine architect and French and Dutch craftsmen were engaged to build a magnificent palace on the site of the church and churchyard.

Gilded Towers

But Henry died before his ambition was achieved, leaving Nonsuch to be completed by one of his courtiers. Gilded towers, domes, and pinnacles rose from noble buildings of brick and timber, grouped round a large courtyard. In the 17th century the Duchess of Cleveland destroyed the palace. It is said several houses in Cheam and possibly part of the Durdans at Epsom (the home of the late Lord Rosebery) were built from the palace materials.

Today a main road to London skirts Nonsuch Park. A petrol station, called after the royal palace, has sprung up on the edge of the park. We wonder how many motorists, stopping to fill up here, know that a few hundred yards away they can see the foundations of the summer banqueting hall belonging to the old palace. The foundations are clearly defined. Fine yews and cedars have grown up inside the hall.

When we were here the other day we met a father who had stopped his car to show his little daughter all that remains of Henry the Eighth's palace. Perhaps he was telling her about the masques held on the broad terraces to entertain Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers. Or maybe he showed her where the Queen used to hunt in the woods, or wander in the beautiful garden filled with the sound of fountains and the perfume of lilacs given to her by Sir Walter Raleigh.

BEHIND A TRAIN The LMS Book

A British Railway Behind the Scenes. By J. W. Williamson. Benn. 5s.

This book is written for grown-ups, but the look-about boy or girl who likes to stand on a railway bridge watching trains will appreciate this picture of how a great railway system works.

More than 25,500 passenger and goods trains are run daily by the LMS and a staff of about 225,000 is employed. Yet we have only to read a few chapters to see that Robot is appearing everywhere behind the scenes.

Nowadays Mr Potts the Painter, instead of laboriously painting a railway coach inch by inch with a brush, directs the nozzle pipe of a hose. The surface is quickly covered by a flood of paint and the excess carried away in troughs round the wagon to the paint reservoir.

About 250,000 tons of rail are needed every year for the upkeep of our railways. In 1929 the cost of keeping the rolling stock in repair was nearly ten millions.

Sleeping carriages were first used in this country in 1873. Two years earlier ambulance stretchers and slings were supplied at all the principal stations. Today 27,000 employees of the LMS are qualified in First-Aid.

THE POWER OF ONE MAN Position of President Roosevelt

President Roosevelt's policy is rousing widespread opposition in America, the fear being that the lowering of the purchase-power of the dollar will lead to inflation and ruin.

The position of the President is increasingly difficult, and one of his strongest supporters who has now become a critic (Dr Sprague) has put his belief into these serious words about the power resting upon one man.

Mistaken emphasis on monetary measures to improve conditions will fail to work, says Dr Sprague; and he goes on:

When that failure comes the President, a man of no monetary principles, will seek to correct his mistakes by further monetary measures, and there is only one left—the printing of greenbacks.

There is too much responsibility centred on the President, and he is at an immense distance from anyone else. At a meeting of department heads, for instance, if the President is there the men cannot slang each other or express their real opinions of each other in his presence. They regard each other as colleagues, but the President has no colleagues.

All over the world we see the policy of one man taking charge of events too powerful for him; and it is well that we should remember that the power of one man has its limits.

£210 TOO LATE

Robert Burns had never over-much money in his pocket, and that is what makes the recent sale of one of his letters for £210 a little pathetic.

What could he not have done with £210 when he sat down and dashed that letter off to a Glasgow grocer? He had only been married a year and had taken a picturesque but unprofitable farm. The letter itself is all about money he owes for some poems sent to him. He has the money ready, he says; but it is a depressed letter.

And now the Burns Cottage Trustees have paid £210 for it.

A FRIEND OF BURNE-JONES

A last link with Burne-Jones and William Morris, Rossetti and G. F. Watts, and all the other Pre-Raphaelites of the Brotherhood, has gone with Mr Frederick Hollyer, who has died at 95.

It was through Mr Hollyer's photographs of their paintings that most of the world grew to know their work.

He was one of the first to think of reproducing paintings in this way, and some of his facsimiles were so exquisitely done that they are now sought by collectors.

CHRISTMAS AIR MAILS

Christmas mails for distant parts of the Empire have already left London, and readers who have missed the opportunity to send greetings to friends are reminded that there is still time if the air mail is used.

Air mails will be leaving London for Straits Settlements on December 9, for East and South Africa on December 13, for India on December 16. To ensure catching the Christmas air mail letters should be posted a day or two before these dates.

WHAT WILL BACHELOR HITLER DO?

Following on Signor Mussolini's Marry or Resign order to officers of the Fascist Party, the Burgomaster of Frankfurt has decided that all good Nazis must marry.

Some 1600 bachelors of Frankfurt have therefore received orders to get married and hurry up about it.

If this sort of thing spreads in Germany, what, we wonder, will Bachelor Hitler do?

LEEDS AND THE LUMBERMEN An Achievement

Why is it that the achievements of this country in the realm of sport are given such prominence in the daily Press while our efforts with trade are usually ridiculed as behind the times?

No doubt much can be said on both sides, but surely our policy should be to give credit where it is due.

This certainly seems to be the case in connection with a wonderful new woodworking machine developed in Leeds. Finland and Sweden have already proved its value, and now a third example is to be demonstrated to lumbermen in British Columbia.

The claims of the machine can be classed in the one word Economy. It is said of it that it enables lumber hitherto wasted to be made into box ends suitable for cases used in packing fruits, also it permits a saving in the thickness of wood employed and enables brittle timbers to be utilised.

Yet another field for which box ends can be supplied by this wonderful new machine is in the making of cases used in China for the pack delivery of petrol tins, usually carried two in a box.

HIS ONLY FAULT A Stone Missing From Cumberland

Our readers were so helpful in tracing the village of the poet John William Streets that we hope they will solve another problem for us.

It is a stone we want this time, or rather its whereabouts, a stone in memory of a horse so loved by its master, Mr Bell of Rydal, that when it died in harness the master put this stone by the roadside and wrote on it:

*Fallen from his fellow's side,
The steed beneath is lying.
In harness here he died:
His only fault was dying.*

We understand that this memorial is somewhere on a roadside near Wythburn in Cumberland, but a C.N. correspondent has searched for it in vain.

Can any of our Cumberland readers help us this time?

BETRAYAL OF THE LEAGUE The Reason Why

From facts and figures now come to light we know quite clearly why the League of Nations could not succeed in stopping the invasion of China by Japan.

While the Council and Assembly in Geneva were trying with immense patience to settle this conflict and bring it to an end, guns and munitions in constant succession were crossing the ocean to supply the armies of both sides. One single exporting country sent out to these two countries in the year 1932 four times the amount it had sold to the whole world in the year 1930.

What can a League of Nations do when one of its number acts in this way? Obviously it is the nations themselves that must look to their own acts before any of them can accuse the League of failure.

SPAIN HAS AN IDEA What To Do With Unwanted Ships

In future a man in Spain who mentions casually that he has just been for a cruise may be met with rather suspicious glances, for it may be thought that he has just come out of prison.

For some of Spain's new prisons are floating ones. Her old prisons were being overcrowded with arrests under the new Vagrancy Act, so the Government chartered a few ships and put the superfluous prisoners in these.

INSPIRER OF THE MALL A Famous Architect To Retire

THE WALLS THAT WENT UP TO COME DOWN

One of our building firms has been spoiling the Mall by interfering with its skyline; one of our architects, who designed the Mall as we see it, is retiring.

He has made his mark not only in this country but all over the world, and many friends of good building will regret that he leaves his post at the beginning of next year.

He is Sir Richard Allison, who has been designing buildings for the Office of Works for 45 years, and since 1920 has been the chief architect there. Many a post-office and telegraph exchange built by him illustrates the growth of taste in our public buildings; but his most outstanding works are the Mall, the new Stationery Office, and the new Science Museum.

Our Debt To Sir Richard

Two of his designs still remain on paper, one being the Legation at Cetinje, rendered unnecessary by the absorption of Montenegro into the State known as Yugo-Slavia, and the other an ambitious American Red Cross hospital in Richmond Park, the walls of which were actually erected. Before the roof was finished, however, the Armistice was signed and the hospital was pulled down. There can have been very few parallels for this in the experience of a modern architect, for Sir Richard saw this building put up to come down again.

We owe the new dignity of the Mall to Sir Richard. A few days after the death of Queen Victoria the Office of Works was preparing a scheme for improving the approach to Buckingham Palace. As a draughtsman in the office he was shown the official scheme, and it struck him that before long a memorial would be required for the Queen. He made a new sketch planning the Mall in keeping with such a memorial, and Sir Aston Webb, who was finally responsible for the scheme, adopted the young man's idea. Sir Richard also suggested to Sir Aston Webb the Admiralty Arch, which completes one of the finest processional ways in Europe.

THE WONDER OF IT A Story From a New Book

Everyone knows what Balboa felt as he stood silent upon a peak in Darien.

The same wonder fell upon Michael Mason and his wife when they ventured along the coast of Patagonia in a 15-ton launch and passed through the Strait of Magellan.

In his newly-published book *Where Tempests Blow* (Hodder & Stoughton, 18s) Mr Mason tells how they rounded a point and the glory of the Southern Andes smote upon their eyes in stupendous magnificence. All along from north to south ran the great white peaks, with black sides so steep that no snow can lie on them, and below were masses of snow and ice bearing down to the sea.

As they gazed upon the splendour, speechless at its beauty, they heard the voice of the vessel's skipper, a Sicilian.

"This ice," he said, "there is a lot of it; yes. In Italy, signor, people pay much silver for ice. Yes, they buy it to put into drinks to cool them."

It reminds us of the Ruthless Rhyme which runs, if we remember aright:

Aunt Jane remarked the second time
She tumbled from a bus:
The step is short from the sublime
To the ridiculous.

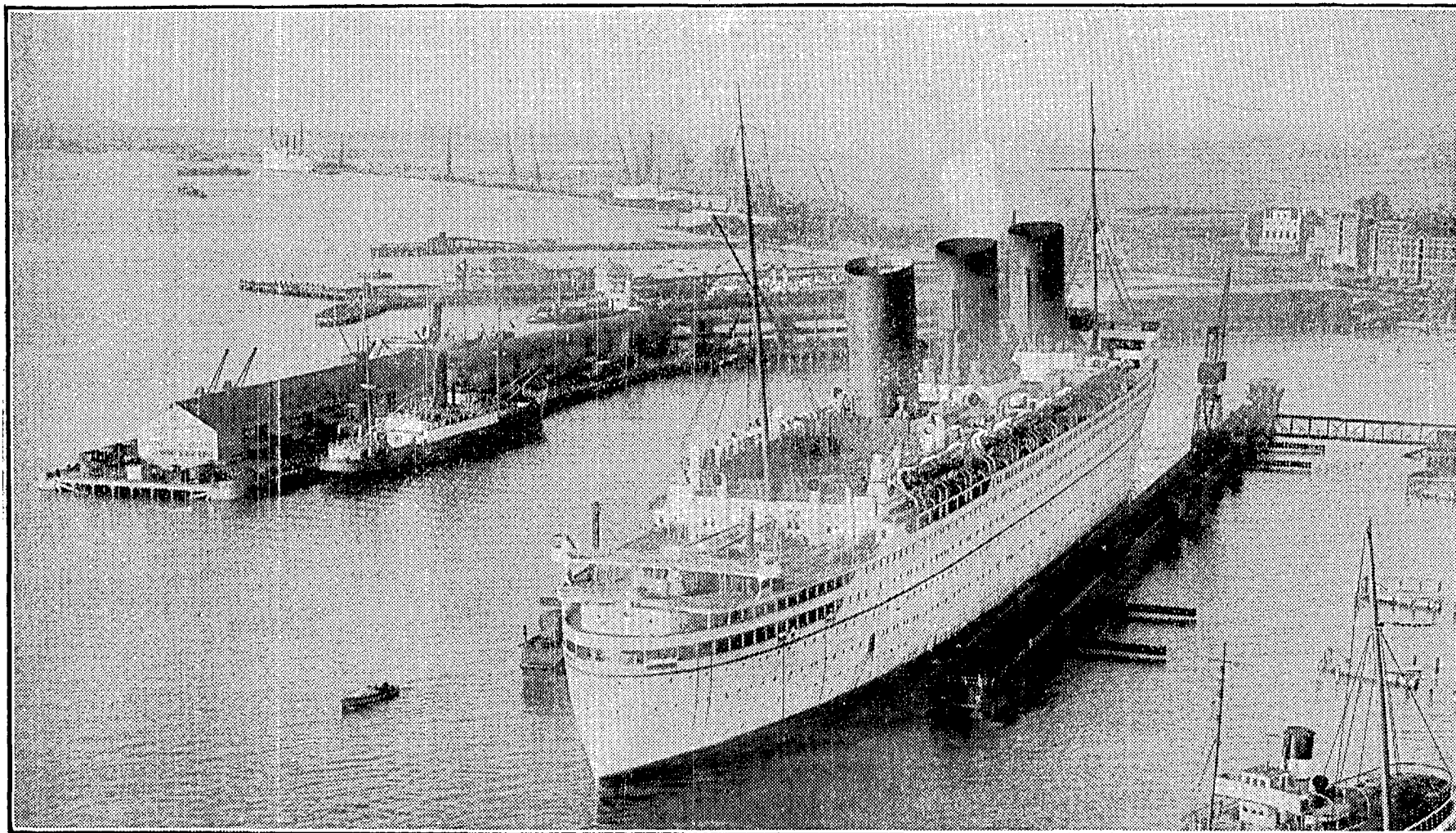
While one man was rejoicing in the awesome magnificence of the mountain another only thought what a pity it was he could not make money out of all that wasted ice. Was ever a better example of the old saying that it takes all sorts to make a world?

December 9, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

9

LINER IN A FLOATING DOCK • AMID THE SURREY HILLS



The Floating Dock—The C.P.R. liner Empress of Britain has lately been in the floating dock at Southampton to be lifted out of the water for an overhaul.



Winter Sunshine—This picture was taken in a wood near Dorking. It is possible to walk all day through this lovely countryside on the North Downs and not meet six other people, yet it is only a bus ride from London.

CORN IN EGYPT BURYING MUMMY WHEAT Dodges of the Dragoman That Deceive the Traveller KEW FACTS ABOUT SEEDS

Though often killed mummy wheat always gets up again. The C.N. has buried it many times in vain.

Only the other day we had to witness its revival even in the stately columns of The Times, with a fantastic story of some grains of wheat thousands of years old taken from a tomb in Mesopotamia and, having been sown, springing up again. The tale was franked by some good people who had not sufficiently examined it.

It was proved to be false, and what we hope may be the last word on these fables is afforded by a review of them and their origin in an official Kew Bulletin. It is there very plainly stated that no authenticated evidence exists that wheat taken from undisturbed Egyptian tombs will germinate.

Popular Belief Explained

Thirty years ago an experiment was made at Kew with grains from a model granary found in the tomb of the 19th dynasty and brought to England by Sir Wallis Budge. Every effort was made to get them to grow, but after three months the grains had turned to dust. The same absence of result was found with grains some 2000 years old found by Sir Flinders Petrie at Hawara.

Sir Wallis Budge has accounted for the popular belief in the germination of grain from Egyptian tombs, and explains that for hundreds of years the natives of Egypt have used the halls of tombs for the wheat and barley obtained from Syria. Ancient coffins have been packed in this Syrian wheat and sent to England, and such grains will of course grow. During the last 30 years the native dragomans and guides have found that tourists will buy mummy wheat, and they keep supplies in the tombs carefully hidden, which they dig up under the eyes of the astonished visitor and offer as mummy wheat or mummy barley.

Maize in Egyptian Tombs

It is amusing to know that the guide sometimes finds grains of maize in Egyptian tombs in order to surprise the tourist, forgetting that maize was unknown until the discovery of America.

In a general way grains of wheat and allied cereals are ill adapted for a prolonged period of quiescence. Canadian wheat may retain its vitality for 18 years; the limit is 25 years. Oats last a little longer, but their average durability for germination is 19 years. There are other seeds retaining their vitality for much longer periods when buried in the soil. Charlock seeds will spring up again after 40 years burial. Gorse seeds will keep their vitality for 20, 25, and even for 40 years.

Seed's Longest Life

The longest life for any seed is that recorded by the Japanese botanist Ohga, who found some seeds of the Japanese lotus or sacred lotus of India buried so deep beneath the soil that they must have been at least 120 years old.

Ohga gave 30 of the seeds to the British Museum, and two years ago the museum sent two of them which they had succeeded in growing to Kew. The seedlings were planted and flowered during August 1932.

Many experiments have been made during the last 100 years with seeds stored in museums, including the 150-year-old seeds of another lotus which Robert Brown grew again in 1850. In Australia a seed of a similar species, 195 years old, was grown again by Ewart. He formed the opinion that the probable duration of vitality for any known seed may be set between 150 and 250 years.

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER Russia in the Air SAD END OF A GIANT PLANE

We spoke not long ago of Russia's pride in her new giant aeroplane, built to carry 128 passengers in addition to pilots and crew. Even as our words were being published the machine crashed, killing 14 people, among whom were some of the most famous of Russia's airmen and engineers.

The great machine was notable for the fact that it carried the crew and passengers in its wings. It weighed 20 tons and measured over 200 feet across the wings.

A few days before, disaster befell the new Egyptian fleet of planes, flying from England to Egypt to begin "air-mindedness" in that ancient land. Two of the machines crashed in France and several men were killed.

The increase of air fatalities is remarkable. Almost daily disasters are recorded, although the number of aeroplanes in the world is still quite small.

We can now clearly foresee a time when people will be asking of the Air what they now ask of the Roads: *What are we to do about these thousands of casualties? Isn't it dreadful?*

It is rather sad for the world when what are called accidents become commonplace, and when nobody will face the fact that machines and death are always closely allied. The story of Frankenstein's Monster is only too true.

ST PAUL'S SACRED AREA The Temple of a Hero

We earnestly hope Parliament will pass a special Act needed to protect St Paul's Cathedral.

Wren's noble edifice is still in danger. Modern operations in the watery, sandy subsoil surrounding the cathedral, and on which it rests, seriously disturb the stability of the building, the foundations of which have a depth of no more than four feet six inches.

Expert engineers, after close investigation by boring, favour the plan of a Sacred Area, and a Bill will probably be introduced into Parliament to establish the necessary authority.

The glorious Renaissance building we call St Paul's was built after the Great Fire and was designed by Christopher Wren. Begun in 1675, it was completed in 1710. Wren lived to be 91, and was buried in St Paul's 13 years after it was finished. He built 52 London churches.

A man of heroic mould, he finds a place in Arthur Mee's Heroes.

IS THE TRAM DOOMED? 90 Miles of Line To Go

The familiar tram, running on its rails in busy city streets, is rapidly going out of favour.

The Transport Board, now master of the tubes, trams, and buses of the Metropolis and its environs, has decided to ask Parliament for power to tear up 90 miles of tramlines and substitute overhead cables to work trolley-buses.

The trolley-bus draws electric current from overhead wires by a flexible arm and can move about with freedom.

The trams so dispossessed account for about a quarter of all the trams of London. Already there are 18 miles of the trolley-bus system in operation.

FRANCE BUYS LESS COAL

As from December, France is cutting down her import quota of British coal by a further ten per cent.

A serious thing this is, for South Wales especially, for most of the coal France imports is shipped from Bristol Channel ports. France is doing this because her own coal output has fallen.

THRILLING TALES OF LIFE AS IT IS Heroes of the Ocean SOME 20TH-CENTURY CRUSOES

S.O.S. By David Masters. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s 6d.

This is a book of heroes. Its title speaks for itself, and every boy and girl will enjoy reading these tales of heroism at sea.

There are incredible adventures of 20th-century Robinson Crusoes, of men adrift for days in mid-ocean. We read of ordeals by earthquake and fire, of rudderless ships brought into control by men who had the courage to overcome almost superhuman difficulties.

One chapter tells us of a boy hero, William Shotton. At only 18 he commanded a full-rigged, four-masted ship during seven weeks of the voyage from Java to Australia, for the captain and two others had died of an epidemic. In spite of a disloyal crew, the boy brought the ship safely to port. There is also a girl hero, Ethel Langton, who was left alone in Bembridge Lighthouse and kept the light burning for three nights during a gale.

Record of Noble Deeds

The story of the wreck of the Hong Moh is one long record of noble deeds. When the ship broke in two on the rocks there were 1100 Chinese on board. Huge seas made the approach of rescue parties almost impossible. How Evans of the Broke, after many gallant attempts made by others, risked his life again and again and swam to the wreck through the breakers is a story which should be better known.

What happened in Yokohama Harbour after an earthquake makes thrilling reading; it is the story of a great liner flung bodily away, saved from disaster with its 2000 passengers and refugees.

Another story tells how two Papuans saved a white woman from a wreck, placed her on a raft, and swam 13 miles through shark-infested waters until they brought her safely to land. The book is an epic of self-sacrifice.

Mr Masters is rapidly filling a shelf with his books of great things done in our time, and his volumes are thrilling reading for all, the sort of stuff that optimists in general, and C.N. readers in particular, will warmly appreciate.

HELP YOURSELVES A Barrel of Pears Goes a Long Way

From Our Hungary Correspondent

A Berlin shopkeeper whose heart appears to be in the right place has hit on a novel yet simple way of easing some of the misery in his immediate neighbourhood.

He is evidently the happy possessor of an orchard which produces quantities of pears; and he has had a large barrel of this delicious fruit outside his shop on the sidewalk, with a notice running:

Unemployed, please note! These pears from my own orchard are free. Anyone who chooses may take a handful.

How gladly the needy of the neighbourhood availed themselves of this heaven-sent chance of appeasing their hunger may be imagined. The generous donor tactfully stayed inside his shop, and did not embarrass them with his presence, only smiling when a number of excited strangers came rushing in from the street to warn him that his pears were being stolen.

An old lady who lived next door, having for some time watched with horrified eyes what she took to be an organised raid on her neighbour's property, came down to warn him to be more careful; only to find him good-humouredly giving orders that the emptied barrel should be filled again.

Surely it is for people such as this that orchards were invented!

PLUMAGE OF VANITY Stocks or Smuggling? PARADISE AND OSPREY PLUMES STILL IN THE SHOPS

As long ago as April 1922 there came into force the Importation of Plumage (Prohibition) Act.

This did not prohibit the sale of any plumage in this country, but it did prohibit the importation of any plumage not mentioned in a schedule. Thus ostrich feathers and eiderdown could continue as legal importations, but such plumage as that of the birds of paradise and the egret was forbidden.

Now, in 1933, we are surprised to see paradise and osprey feathers still decorating hats offered for sale. What is the explanation?

More than 11 years have elapsed since importation was prohibited. Are we to suppose that the stocks in hand in 1922 were so large that they are not yet exhausted, or is smuggling taking place?

The official view is that 11 years have not exhausted the stocks. Another view is that the smuggling of feathers by sea and air is not very difficult.

Parliament, unhappily, does not greatly care whether its laws are broken or not, but will not the retailers and the women themselves help to abolish so pernicious a trade? The hunting of rare birds for their breeding plumage is a cruel wrong to birds and men alike. It should be clearly understood that the plumes appear only in the breeding season and that to kill the birds at such a time is in the end to destroy a species.

SECRET OF THE MOORS An Essex Potter Finds It

In the little town of Saffron Walden in Essex a nearly blind man has discovered the secret of the Moorish potters.

For years he has been working on this problem, and now he has found how to make the ware which was the admiration of the civilised world.

In the Saffron Walden Pottery he is now turning out the famous Smoke Lustre Ware, so valuable to the Moors in that they could only bring one piece in sixty to perfection. There is no modern pottery quite like this Walden Ware, and as it is refined in the fire half a dozen times at 2000 degrees it will be a permanent joy to future generations. The beauty of the pottery must be seen to be believed, and it is a beauty that never tires, for with each change of light and each new point of view its gleaming surface gives a new feast of colour. The whole workshop is one shimmering rainbow of glorious colour, where row upon row of this wonderful ware gleams and glistens. And not two pieces are alike, for the wonderful effects are not produced by the hand of man. It is the fire which determines them, and the fire which, having determined them, makes them last for ever.

So in this little Essex town, in a room which once housed the ancient Grammar School, are revived once more the glories of Old Spain. It is a tragedy that the self-taught potter can hardly see the magic sheen of his wares, but all the greater is the cunning of his hands, for with the wonderful colour goes a corresponding beauty of form.

GEORGE WALKS TO WORK

The After-Care Association is proud of George, and we are proud of the work the Association is doing.

George Blake, 11 years old, had an accident and lost both his legs, but the other day George, now 19, walked to work on as fine a pair of legs as a London hospital could supply.

During those years the After-Care Association apprenticed him to a watchmaker. He proved very skilful, and is now earning his living and at the same time putting a bit aside each week to pay back the hospital.

December 9, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

II

FROM A WINDOW IN FLEET STREET ARE WE GROWING SOFT?

A Sane Man With Doubts
Looks Round on Our New Age
WHAT SIR ERNEST BENN
THINKS

This Soft Age. By Sir Ernest Benn. 7s 6d.

We have always felt that if we had enough Ernest Benns the world would be an entertaining place—and a better place. It would be a glorious place, for every man would have his chance to rise and be a power.

But does Sir Ernest Benn really want to go back to the days before there was any Socialism in the world, before there was any Internationalism, the days when a man could do more or less as he liked in his country and a country could do more or less as it liked in the world? We have our misgivings sometimes as we read this provoking book.

Making Us Think

It is full of things to make us think, and no man can deny the sound common sense behind much of it. Sir Ernest Benn does not like peace talks that seem to be short cuts to war. He does not like prosperity talks that lead to bankruptcy. He does not like to see Government sinking to the level of the management of the popular Press (by which we suppose he means Lord Beaverbrook, and not the C.N. or his own popular new weekly *The Independent*). He does not very much like the Democracy which we have developed through the centuries, for he tells us that whereas Democritus put out his eyes so that he might think more deeply, Democracy abandons its brains so that it may think only what it sees.

But does Sir Ernest Benn blame Internationalism, we wonder, for all these new languages he speaks of, all this stopping of trade and growth of barriers and bigger armies and navies? Does he really think that the League and all the international organisation it involves is anything but good for us all?

Something Rotten

The root trouble behind most of the things he complains of seems to us to be that something is rotten in the hearts of men as well as in the heart of politics. In the conditions at which the world has arrived we are bound to be made up of the Socialism Sir Ernest Benn does not like as well as of the Individualism he does like.

We wish to be free, but we must all be bound in some things, and everywhere the trouble is in the drawing of the line. We ourselves are all in favour of Socialism in essentials and Individualism in all the rest. We are in favour of that organisation of necessities which alone can make life tolerable and Europe safe.

We sympathise with Sir Ernest Benn's protest against a state of things in which the Government will make up from the taxes what a farmer loses by growing things to please the Government. We have unfortunately come to a sort of politics in which our Government is more and more for this and that class, and less and less for all of us. In these days politics are little more than trade, and it will be the greatest day in the history of this country when we decide once more that politics shall be a power making for individual happiness and equality of opportunity.

We do not agree with everything this book says, but it has more good sense in one page than some of Sir Ernest Benn's Fleet Street neighbours have in all their pathetic columns for a week of Sundays.

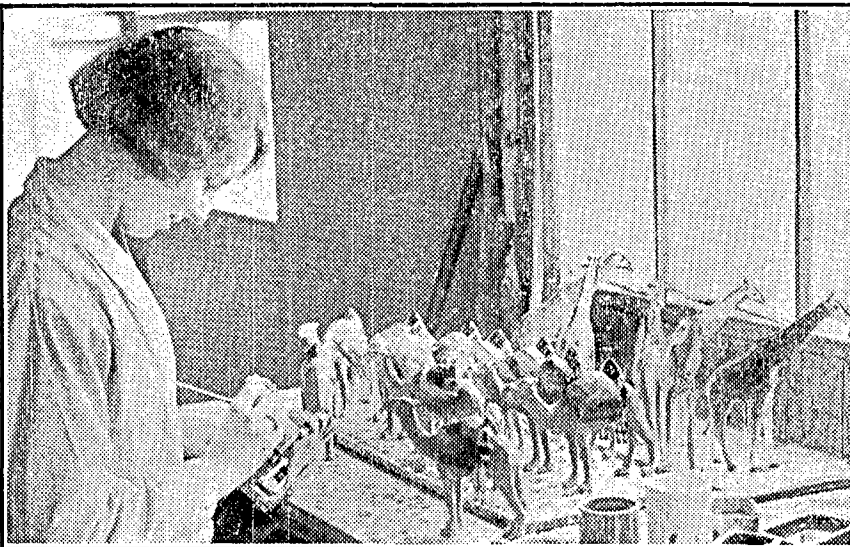
Buses are to take the place of 30 miles of tramlines in the Rhondda Valley.

Basutoland is to have stamps of its own for the first time.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING



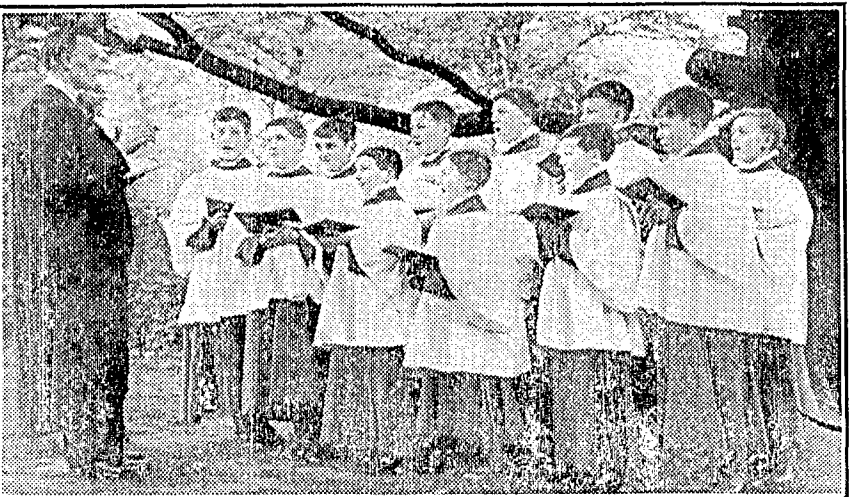
Surprise For Santa Claus—How many dolls are there in this picture? Perhaps, looking closely, you will see all are dolls except the two little people wearing woolly hats.



In a Toy Factory—The Hampshire village of Brockenhurst has a toy factory in which this girl paints the wooden animals that have been made for Christmas.



Christmas Play—Here is a rehearsal of a scene in the Nativity play which is to be given by the Shaftesbury Homes at Esher Place in Surrey.



Carol Practice—These boys of St Mary of the Angels choir school at Highgate are learning the Christmas hymns which they will be singing in a fortnight's time.

THOMAS TOMPION KING OF CLOCKMAKERS OLD TIMEPIECES STILL GOING

The Silver King That is Wound
Once a Year

CLOCKS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

Some happy people have been keeping an eye on the time in a very special way.

In this case it was time presented as Thomas Tompion did it, and he was a very gifted person—the father of English clockmaking. Thirty-three of Tompion's clocks have been on show in the Royal Exchange building, gathered together from far and near by the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers.

It is doubtful if anything like this has ever happened before in the history of English clockmaking. Here were 33 clocks, all signed by Thomas Tompion, all in working order, gathered together in London City, where they all were made. Sixteen were long-case or grandfather clocks, 17 bracket or mantelpiece clocks. Merely to look at them was a feast to the eyes, and the ordinary person longed to be a connoisseur so as to appreciate them better.

The Silver King

When Tompion was working, more than 200 years ago, a clock was a very special and beloved object, made by hand and stamped by a certain craftsmanship. Tompion was the king and prince of craftsmen. His work is stamped by faithfulness and a great sense of beauty. Had he not been a faithful workman these 33 clocks would not be in excellent order now.

There were all kinds in the exhibition, some made more florid in appearance than others, to suit the patrons. The most wonderful (not the most beautiful) was a clock Tompion made to the order of William the Third. It is an elaborate bracket clock, very famous in the annals of clockmaking, called the Silver King. It strikes the hours and the quarters and it repeats itself; and it need only be wound once a year! With the clock was a list of the 150 people who have had the courage to wind this clock since it left Tompion's workshop in Fleet Street. The king paid Tompion £1500 for this ingenious timepiece.

Clocks of All Kinds

There were, of course, no two clocks alike. Some are wound at the eighth day, some every month. Some had been put in new cases, like the grandfather eight-day clock made about 1710 and found in a Kentish mill, the original case in a sad state of rottenness. Another very pleasant long-case clock went, soon after it was made, to mark the hours in a Devonshire farmhouse, and stayed there many generations.

The beauty of these tall clocks was very striking. Tompion had an eye for rare wood. The clock door of oyster pieces of olive wood veneered on oak was very hard to pass by. Next to it was an exquisite walnut case. Merely as objects, apart from their virtue as timepieces, those old clocks were lovely to behold.

Marvellous Finish

The most startling displays were the bracket clocks open at the back to show the magnificent work, the elaborate chasing, the exquisite detail. Thomas had a strong rule about the hands of his clocks. The finger hand looked like a slender dart as it revolved round the dial; the hour hand always bore a beautiful device. The finish of the work was marvellous—nothing left that could mar the structure or offend the eye.

One got a very good idea of Thomas Tompion himself in going round these clocks—this man who was utterly bound up in this delicate craft and lived for nothing else, and gathered great knowledge as the years went by and was very happy.

MYSTERY OF THE FALLING STONE

DETECTIVES OF THE BUILDING WORLD

Sherlock Holmes Up in the Roof With a Microscope

JERRY-BUILDERS OF ALL AGES

The Building Research Board is called on to solve many problems, and their new report is like a detective story.

Why did the cusp fall? Who bored the holes? What crumbled the stone? What caused that damp stain? These are the mysteries with which it deals.

The cusp which fell was from the roof of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, and at first it was thought to have been loosened by the vibration of traffic. But the Research Board detectives got to work and found that the vibration was negligible, but that someone in the past had scamped his work and mortared the cusp into place without reinforcement.

Several other of these carved stones were found to be only crudely fixed with mortar and liable to fall at any moment. This careless workman might as well have fixed timed bombs to the roof, for had the heavy stone fallen on anyone it would have killed him.

Truth Will Out

Thus truth will out, and bad work will become known, it may be in a year's time, it may be in 50 years, or it may be in 50 centuries. There have been jerry-builders in all ages. It is not so long ago since excavators came across a bit of jerry-building done several thousand years ago, and knew it for what it was.

The Houses of Parliament, which are still in splints as we write, are causing a lot of bother, not through bad building, but through soft stone. About 35 tons of this stone have been picked off the building as a man might gather leaves from the ground. It just comes to pieces in the hand like the housemaid's proverbial breakages. This is the sort of thing the research workers are studying, and they dealt with over 1300 inquiries last year.

At the Research Station at Watford 500 bricks of various kinds have been buried in the ground for some time and then dug up and examined for the effects of frost and chemical action.

If in a few thousand years time excavators find something wrong with our buildings it will not be the fault of the Building Research Board.

WHO STOLE THE LETTERS?

I, Said the Starling

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

A mystery has been solved in the town of Taradale in New Zealand, where householders were much concerned over the frequent disappearance of letters from the boxes placed at the garden gate to save the postman's legs.

One resident, having lost letters on more than one occasion, set a watch, and after a long vigil saw a starling emerge from the box with a letter in its beak.

This is not the first time New Zealand starlings have been caught playing the part of unofficial postmen. Some time ago the disappearance of letters from a pillar-box on a main road caused a great fuss. Suspicion even fell on post office employees, till the finding of one of the letters proved that the birds were the culprits.

No one in New Zealand, however, will wish the starlings harm just because they pilfer things left within their reach, for starlings do a lot of good by feasting on grubs and insects which harm the crops, and letters can probably be kept out of their beaks by a little ingenuity.

Can Anything Good Be Said of Charles the Second?

I much appreciate the C.N. with its kindly tone, but I often wish you were more kindly as regards Charles the Second. To my thinking he has been much misunderstood and under-appreciated, and was really one of our best kings. Do please sometimes put in a few words for this much-maligned king.

From a C.N. reader

MANKIND wars not with the dead. It is a trait of human nature for which I love it, said Charles Lamb; and we should be sorry to outrage that rule.

Charles by nature was a kindly man in an age when unkindly feelings ran riot. He had that pleasant quality when he landed in England to be its king at 30, after 15 years of disagreeable life as a wanderer, a fugitive, or an exile. He was a lad when Clarendon took him out of the Civil War, to safeguard him as the hope of the Stuart line of kings, and dragged him impecuniously from continental Court to Court for 15 years, broken only by his landing in Scotland when he was 20, and having there the most distasteful of all his experiences, followed by his defeat at Worcester by Cromwell when he was 21, and his romantic flight back to exile.

Galling Vagabondage

It would not have been strange if, after those years of galling vagabondage, with grim old Clarendon and a busy, intriguing little mother trying to regulate his ways, he had become rather soured and fretful; but no, he faced the confusion of a counter-revolution with unperturbed good nature, a wish to be friendly with everybody, said it seemed to him that he ought to have come home long ago, and welcomed heartily the opportunity of enjoying himself. Charles, in short, was a thoroughly easy-going, affable, popular man. People who were disgusted by his loose morals and his sensuality could not deny that he was in many ways a most agreeable man.

The adventurous episodes of his life proved that he had courage and resource, and his easy good manners carried him through many difficulties. Nor was outward show his only recommendation. His mind was bright and shrewd. He had a keen judgment and a graceful wit, and he was interested in a wide range of life, including art and science.

How comes it, then, that this pleasant-mannered, accommodating man, who had no violent feelings and did not wish to hurt anybody, had a reign of 25 years

which is generally classed as the worst in English history, when the country sunk politically into the deepest shame?

Charles was inherently a selfish man. He meant to remain King of England, but for England he did not care a button.

Throughout his whole reign Charles was a sly, underground conspirator against the good name of England. England chose him as king to get rid of military rule, and he was never allowed to have an army. The kingdom was utterly divided between antagonisms in religion and politics. Only one thing could unite it. That was the domination in England of the Roman Catholic Church. That, Charles knew, would never be permitted, so he concealed the fact that he was a Roman Catholic.

Secret Bribes

Indeed, the Roman Catholics, like the Nonconformists, were under an unjust ban—contrary to the true spirit of liberty. But from the beginning of his reign Charles became a pensioner of the French king. He was personally and secretly bribed as an ally, under an agreement that when the time was favourable Louis the Fourteenth should land an army in England and establish Roman Catholicism. Today it is a crime for a man to receive secret commissions; then the King himself received them, treacherously to his country.

At that time Louis was by conquest making France the greatest nation in Europe, and England was her helper against Dutch Protestantism. *The English people did not know of these secret arrangements.* It was during this time that the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames till their guns were heard in London. Charles admitted his Roman Catholicism on his deathbed. It had ruled the doings of his country and the country did not know. He had betrayed his country.

He was foul in his life and foul in his deceits, and his Court was foul in its corruption; but he had an amiable way with him, and this amiability still has power to deceive.

TEACHING BIRDS TO FEED FROM YOUR HAND

Mr F. E. Brooks, an American, has invented an occupation which he finds is more fun than shooting and gives him just as much chance to boast of his prowess. It is teaching birds to eat from his hand, his shoulder, his hat.

He has a definite system for accustoming the wild creatures to his presence that has made him lose interest in his gun. When he finally persuades one of the shy morsels to feed from his hand, he feels a thrill run up his arm and through the back of his neck and down his spine, which he takes as the hallmark of genuine pleasure.

His method is simple. Any patient person can use it.

First he put up a feeding shelf outside his library window and kept it stocked with dainties such as cracked grain, sunflower seeds, and nut-meats. This was in the winter, when such things were particularly appreciated by his feathered neighbours.

Within a few minutes, Mr Brooks says, the news spread that a supply ship from some heavenly port had spilled its cargo, and pillagers came from far and wide. Mr Brooks sat on the other side of the closed window, watching; but his presence was resented, and he got no credit at all as a benefactor.

After a few days of this Mr Brooks made a dummy arm out of a crooked branch from a tree, dressed in an old coat-sleeve, ending in a stuffed glove. This he thrust out of the window so that it extended farther than the feeding

shelf. The open palm of the hand was filled with nut-meats.

The birds eyed this invention from afar, and at first would not come near it. But after a time a single brave chickadee approached cautiously, took a morsel of food, and flew away. The others, seeing that his venture was successful, followed suit. Very soon they were taking nuts from the stuffed hand as quickly as Mr Brooks could supply them.

The next step was to replace the dummy arm by Mr Brooks's own arm. What happened so absorbed him that he forgot his lunch and let his food get cold.

Then he tried standing outside near the window with food on his hand. But this was too much for the bird's courage, and Mr Brooks saw that he had attempted too big a step at once. So he made a dummy man as much as possible like himself, and filled its hat-brim, pipe, and hands with nut-meats. The next morning he found the birds taking their breakfast from this sideboard unafraid.

For two days he kept the supply replenished, and on the third day he took up the position of the dummy with his bait similarly disposed. The birds sensed the change and were shy for a short time, but as soon as they began exploring his pockets he felt his success was complete. The confiding trust of such charming little wisps of life is, he says, peculiarly satisfying. He cannot understand now how he ever found it amusing to shoot them.

WHERE THE DUSTMAN DOES NOT CALL

HELP FROM THE SCAPA SOCIETY

How Our Outlying Villages Can Get Rid of Their Rubbish

PROBLEMS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

One advantage of town life that we think our country readers will grant us is that the dustman calls each day, or at least once a week.

Certainly the dustman may call in the country, but quite half our villages have to get along as well as they can without him; and unpleasant rubbish dumps and tin-filled ditches are usually the result.

But there is good news for these villages. Someone has been looking round, finding out their difficulties, and thinking out the best way to help them. The result is a small book costing 1s (and 2d for postage) to be had from the Scapa Society, 71, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Unburnable Refuse Increasing

It is called Rural Refuse and Its Disposal, and it deals only with ordinary household rubbish. Burning will get rid of much of this, but fires are giving way to gas and electricity which consume nothing but themselves, while at the same time unburnable refuse is increasing as we get more and more of our food out of tins and glass jars. Burying will get rid of a lot more, but not everybody has a garden. And there are always the thoughtless householders who are content to pitch their rubbish over the hedge.

The Scapa Society sent to 1065 parishes in 29 counties to find out what they were doing about their rubbish, and the answer was that in the case of 37 per cent the householders were disposing of their own rubbish, either in proper places or in improper ones by the light of the Moon. In 13 per cent the householders themselves took their rubbish to a village dump; 50 per cent reported a systematic collection of some sort or other, good or bad.

The Village Dump

We have mentioned the difficulties of those who have to dispose of their rubbish for themselves. When there is an unsupervised village dump other difficulties appear. If it is too near the village it is unpleasant and dangerous; if too far away the householders will not trouble to carry their refuse there.

And as fast as the heap of old tins and garbage increases so do the rats and flies, to say nothing of the scattering done by boys in search of treasure. Such dumps, the Scapa Society insists, are only good if supervised. They should never be left exposed as breeding-places for rats and flies. Nine inches of earth on top will prevent this.

Splendid Voluntary Work

Where some sort of village collection is made it is seldom adequate. Sometimes it is only the unburnable rubbish that is collected, and the disposal of it may be no better than the ordinary village dump. It is often urged that a systematic collection of rubbish by the local authority adds to the rates. But the compilers of the Scapa Society's book prove that if the villages in a district will agree to share their dustman full-time labour can be employed and capital charges decreased.

From this book we learn of the splendid voluntary work done to solve the problem, and we are not surprised to find the Women's Institutes well to the fore in this direction.

A NAZI COMPLAINT

No suggestion has wounded us so deeply as the suggestion that National Socialism is spiritual barbarism and must lead in the end to the destruction of the cultural life of our nation. Dr Goebbels

WONDERFUL GIANT SUN

MIRA NOW BLAZING UP

Terrific Outburst That Happened 163 Years Ago

ERUPTION OF FIERY HYDROGEN

By the C.N. Astronomer

Mira, the gigantic sun which periodically blazes up, will soon be making its appearance in the southern sky.

When first seen it will be very faint, but will gradually grow brighter in the course of the next three months, until it may eventually reach second magnitude and appear as bright as any of the stars of the Plough.

The position of Mira relative to the brighter stars in the constellation of Cetus was indicated in last week's star-map; this week's map covers only a very small area of the sky surrounding the spot where Mira will appear and shows the comparatively faint stars in this region. Position of Mira shown by a cross. These will require field-glasses to show them distinctly, the circle of our star-map indicating approximately the field of view.

So the observer will be enabled to obtain a first glimpse of Mira some weeks before it will be easily perceptible to the naked eye, for it adds very much to our interest to see it gradually growing brighter week by week. This is easy to note by comparing it with the adjacent stars, and it becomes fascinating when we consider what is happening on that far-distant sun.

A Thousand Times Brighter

Three months ago Mira was exceedingly faint, and below ninth magnitude, but since then a colossal conflagration has begun which will result in an outpouring of light over a thousand times greater than then existed. We have only to imagine the heat and light of our Sun increasing by a thousand times in the brief period of five months to gain some idea of the spectacle, were Mira as near as our Sun. Of course we should not survive it, so perhaps it is as well that Mira is some 10,320,000 times farther away. This is not only a safe distance from which to observe the colossal conflagration, but what we hope to see this winter took place 163 years ago.

Doubtless another outburst has taken place this year, but it will not be known for 163 years, this being the time the light from Mira takes to get here. These fiery convulsions, while subject to great variations both in time and intensity, repeat themselves on an average after 333 days.

A Companion Sun

The intensity and extent of the outbursts vary considerably; and while Mira has on occasion reached 1.7 magnitude and increased its light as much as 10,000 times and its heat even more, its average increase is about 1400 times. Sometimes the star reaches only fourth magnitude and occasionally, as in 1886, only fifth.

The growth in brilliance is much more rapid than the decline, as would be expected from an eruptive outburst. The cause, as revealed by spectroscopic analysis of Mira's light, is due to terrific outbursts of flaming hydrogen chiefly. These are on a colossal scale, as may be imagined, for Mira has a diameter, as measured by the interferometer, of about 260 million miles, or some 300 times greater than our Sun.

The evidence shows that after each great periodical upheaval the erupted gases cool somewhat and form less luminous cloud masses, which partially screen the incandescent gases below, and so reduce the radiating temperature from about 2,400 degrees Centigrade to below 1800 degrees, and Mira dwindles to a faint star. Then the eruption



THIS VERY QUEER WORLD

What Happened To Captain Cook

AND WHAT HAS NOW HAPPENED TO TWO AIRMEN

This queer old world does not everywhere keep pace with the development of aeroplane and wireless.

A grim story from West Africa reminds us that in some ways and places it has not moved since the days of our old friend Captain Cook. The great circumnavigator, who took more months to reach Australia in his sailing ship than the airmen now take days, was killed and eaten by the cannibals of a Pacific island.

Six months ago two French aviators disappeared somewhere near the African coast in a storm and seemed to leave no trace; but the wife of one of them traced the missing plane to an island 200 miles south of Dakar.

Poisoned Arrows

Portuguese troops were sent to the island to ascertain what had happened to the airmen. They had to meet the poisoned arrows of the tribe on the island before, having captured the chief medicine man, they learned what had happened.

The two gods from the machine had been sacrificed to the tribal gods, and had then been eaten by the cannibal savages.

Captain Cook sails to meet his death on a cannibal island in 1779. French airmen fly to the same fate more than 150 years later.

While most of the world moves on from sailing ships to aeroplanes, the cannibal remains, a grim reminder of what a queer old world we live in, and how near we are to the barbarism some of our Fleet Street gentlemen would bring back again.

AN ILL WIND HELPS TRADE

That it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good has been amply proved by the wind that drove the steamship Architect aground in the Mersey a little time ago.

Lying in the flooded holds of the ship was a large and valuable quantity of textile machinery for Mexico. Divers salvaged as much cargo as possible, but the machinery could not be saved, and its Accrington makers have now received a repeat order to be carried out as quickly as possible.

THE CHEATS

This is what Senator Borah has been saying in America about certain financiers.

It is nothing less than catastrophic to find that some of the most powerful figures in finance have been manipulating the whole banking business to their own utterly selfish ends.

Nothing has been such a shock to the country's confidence, nothing has done so much to shake the morale of the entire nation. Financiers have cheated and defrauded people by selling them millions of dollars worth of valueless securities. Then they turn about and begin cheating and robbing one another and, lastly, cheat the State and nation of their taxes.

Continued from the previous column

begins afresh, and the cloud masses are gradually rent and blown heavenward by the uprush of flaming hydrogen.

Mira is known astronomically as Omicron Ceti, and has been found to possess a companion sun of the helium type. Though much smaller than Mira and of tenth magnitude, it is also much denser and hotter. It is at the comparatively safe distance of approximately 6000 million miles from Mira, and may eventually be found to revolve round the wonderful giant sun. G. F. M.

MOINA DEFIES ZOO LAW

TROUBLE WITH FAMOUS GORILLA

Model Sleeping Den Abandoned For New Quarters

THE PENGUIN'S SHABBY COAT

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Moina, the larger of the Zoo's two famous gorillas, is beginning to be a little difficult to manage.

She has decided that the sleeping-apartments in the home which was designed and built specially for Mok and herself are unsuitable, and insists on making her bed on a heated platform at the back of the exhibition den. No amount of food will tempt her into her bedroom when she knows that the keeper is lurking behind the scenes ready to shut the door behind her, nor will she allow Mok to be law-abiding. If he is in danger of being lured into one of the sleeping-dens she calls out to him and pulls him back, and both gorillas are now defying regulations. Instead of being shut up for the night they are sleeping on the platform on beds made of straw, which they carry up themselves.

Cleaning Up

Moina also seems to have decided that it is not the keeper's business to keep her home in order. She is still perfectly tame with the man, and he can always go into the den with his two charges; but when he enters the cage carrying a broom and a bucket Moina promptly confiscates them. She is half-playful, but quite firm, and owing to her great strength it is impossible to argue with her. The consequence is that the apes are turned into the public part of the building and the Gorilla House is closed to visitors while their den is cleaned.

Mok is as docile as ever, but he is completely dominated by Moina, and is ever ready to go to her assistance if she seems to need it. She returns his affection, though she is inclined at times to bully him.

Beneficial Summer

This time last year Mok was dangerously ill, and Moina was fretting over him; but happily the hot summer had a beneficial effect on these two interesting animals, and so far they have shown no sign of being upset by the arrival of cold, dark days.

One inmate of the Zoo is complaining that the summer was so sunny that it has ruined his looks. Percy, the tame king penguin, is suffering from the effects of too much sunshine, for he has not moulted as usual. George, the other king penguin, moulted quite normally and has grown a smart winter outfit. Beside him poor Percy looks terribly shabby!

WHO WAS J. M. W. TURNER?

Born April 23, 1775.

Died London, December 19, 1851.

Eighty years ago an old man died in an obscure lodging-house under a name which was not his, and he was carried in his coffin to St Paul's. He left the world, as he had come into it, quietly and without ostentation. His name was Turner, and his monument is in the Tate Gallery. What a world of pathos lies in his story! The social recluse, living away from the world; the artist, building up an enduring fame by solitary toil; the old man laying down his work to meet Death alone in a Chelsea garret.

His was not a happy life. Born in a humble environment—he was a barber's son—he worked hard with his brush washing-in skies on other people's pictures at half a crown a night. Even when he might have lived in luxury, the idol of his friends, he preferred to be alone with his sorrows.



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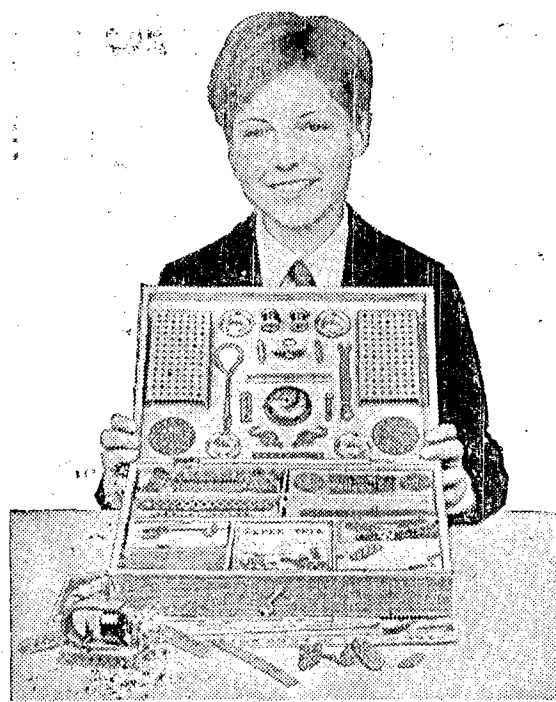
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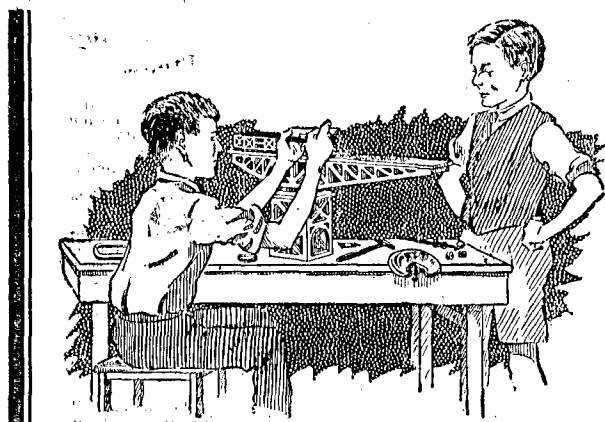
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THE GREAT HANDEL HOAX Story of a Story

Among the great composers there is hardly one who does not owe some of his popularity to the association with his music of a romantic title or a captivating story.

We think of Beethoven and his Moonlight Sonata; we think of Schubert and the symphony he never finished; and as for Handel, if there are millions who think of his Messiah, there must be nearly as many who remember the little stories told of his Water Music and his Harmonious Blacksmith.

But the sad truth is that, although the Water Music was written to entertain George the First on the Thames, it had nothing to do with the reconciliation of Handel to the King; and although there was a youth who earned for himself the nickname of the Harmonious Blacksmith he had nothing to do with the story as it is usually told, the story that Handel, after taking shelter in a smithy, was moved to write the little tune as his impression of the hammer and the anvil.

It never happened; but what did happen is an astonishing example of an untrue story growing up to deceive thousands of credulous readers.

The Legend Grows

The gathering snowball of falsehood did not begin until Handel had been dead for three-quarters of a century, when an anonymous writer to *The Times* started the legend of the forge and the storm. But after that it moved apace, with two men called Henry Wylde and Richard Clark as the chief villains. Wylde found an old anvil in a smithy near Whitechurch, and the two men fabricated a whole story to identify William Powell of Whitechurch (a real person then dead) with the imaginary Harmonious Blacksmith, even raising a subscription for a wooden memorial to him; and the climax came in 1868 when the people of Whitechurch subscribed again to raise the more lasting stone memorial standing in this churchyard today.

On it are carved the hammer, the anvil, and a tiny scrap of music, as well as an inscription to tell us that William Powell was parish clerk "during the time the immortal Handel was organist of this church," thus repeating one of the false statements on a brass plate on the organ inside.

A Delightful Myth

Handel never was organist of Whitechurch. He did not compose the oratorio *Esther* on this organ, as the brass plate says, and it is unlikely that he would compose any of his pieces on any organ. All that can be said is that when in the service of the Duke of Chandos at Canons near Edgware he may very well have played on the quaint old keyboard in this church, and perhaps it would be a strange thing if he had not done so. And all that can be said for the poor blacksmith is that in the form we usually hear of him he is a delightful myth.

Mr Newman Flower, the expert on Handel's life, has told that there was actually a young man in Bath, a blacksmith's apprentice named William Lintern, who became so fond of Handel's little tune that he sang it everywhere until his friends nicknamed him the Harmonious Blacksmith, after which the tune itself began to acquire the nickname too. But the truth is that it was simply one of the charming pieces Handel used to write for his royal pupils, one of a set he published during his time at Canons.

The Last Hours Down In A Submarine

See Arthur Mee's *Heroes This Week*

VERY OLD FRIENDS Three Hundred Years of Children's Books

A HUMOROUS TALE THAT DELIGHTED RUSKIN

Children's Books of Yesterday. Studio Special Autumn Number. 7s 6d.

Those who were not able to get to the Exhibition of Illustrated Books for Children, held at the Victoria and Albert Museum last year, may for 7s 6d have the best part of the Exhibition brought to them in the Studio's autumn number of *Children's Books of Yesterday*.

Here are sample illustrations, with their text, from the very first picture book for English children to some that must be still lying about in the nurseries of today.

It was Jan Amos Komensky, a Czech, who, believing that "pictures are the most intelligible books that children can look upon," brought out his Latin picture book which was translated into English as *The Visible World*, for the use of Young Latin Scholars.

Perrault's Fairy Tales

That was in 1658. Over a hundred years later it was followed by the first magazine for children, *The Juvenile Magazine* of 1788.

From France in the meantime had come lighter reading, the fairy stories of Charles Perrault and Countess d'Aulnoy, introducing to 18th-century English children Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Bluebeard, and the rest of them. Picture alphabets made their appearance and together with Cock Robin became hardy perennials.

There were books that with an accumulation of horror sought to terrify the children into being good, but usually only succeeded in giving them glorious shudders down the back. The *Prodigal Daughter*: or the *Disobedient Lady* was one of them and a great favourite, though its theme is so harrowing that modern parents would as soon take their children to see a Hollywood film.

Sandford and Merton

The poor children were instructed and improved with such Moral Tales as *Sandford and Merton* or *The Fairchild Family*, till the grown-ups themselves could bear it no longer and broke out into delightful nonsense books. *Dame Trot* and her *Comical Cat* had a long life with such jingles as

*She went to the shop
To get some nice pickles,
And when she came back
She was playing at shittles.*

Ruskin was so delighted as a child with *Dame Wiggins of Lea* and her *Seven Wonderful Cats*, "a humorous tale, written principally by a woman of ninety," that he republished it in 1885.

Pages from all these books and a hundred others are reproduced in this Studio number, and as we turn the pages we meet again with joy Edward Lear's young lady of Sweden who went by a slow train to Weedon, Randolph Caldecott's jolly huntsmen, Kate Greenaway's modest maidens, and all the rest of them, till the volume ends with a picture of the Golliwog family and Midget, who made their bow at the beginning of this century.

FOUR FIGURES

A solicitor friend has lately been reminding us of an interesting fact with regard to the entrance to the Central Hall, the handsomest and most important hall of the Law Courts in London.

Over the highest point of the upper arch of the porch is a figure of Our Lord; to the left and right on a lower level are the figures of Solomon and Alfred; while Moses stands at the northern front of the building. So are represented in our Law Courts the four greatest Lawgivers who have ever lived.

OLD AND NEW UNDER PARIS

The Primitive Looms and Their Modern Rivals

From a Paris Correspondent

Three very modern halls, lighted and aired in the very latest manner, have been built under the medieval buildings which house the Arts and Crafts of Paris and were opened the other day by the French Minister for Education.

It was not possible to ask these old buildings to take on their aged shoulders a new storey, and the boundary walls forbade extension horizontally, so there was nothing for the modern architects to do but to burrow.

The result is pleasing and austere enough to harmonise with the grim old buildings, and the three new rooms make excellent exhibition halls. In them hand-loom of the type used in ancient Egypt and ancient Greece, and of the primitive types still used in Senegal, India, and China, face a miniature factory driven by electricity, showing the processes by which wood pulp is converted into the shining threads of artificial silk.

On other walls hang priceless hand-made tapestries from Beauvais, with sweeping lengths of Lyons silk such as was worn for centuries in the Courts of Europe. Facing these walls hang new tapestries designed by modern artists and executed by modern machinery. A reduced model of the first sewing-machine looks modestly at its modern sister with all her perfections and her many possibilities.

The silent old wooden looms seemed to speak of a bygone age; the noisy metal machines with their dancing black bobbins are throbbing realities of a new and speedier world.

THE PAINTED LADY

By a Lady at a Party

A C.N. lady who has been to a big, fashionable party brought away one impression which is saddeningly common in these days, the impression that facial character is being destroyed by the painted faces everywhere.

The striking thing about this amazingly crowded party was the astounding array of masks on the women's faces. A man remarked that almost every woman looked alike; there seemed no individual faces, no character in the expressions; each face was made up to a type, each was a mask.

We do not know whether we can blame anyone in particular. It is merely that fashion, so often a little unbalanced, has suddenly lost the little balance it ever had and has become utterly crazy.

And as fashion has always had, and still has, a sheep-like flock of devotees, the consequence is that the women like sheep have followed the craze, and every smart woman belonging to the flock has practically no eyebrows—merely a single line denoting where the eyebrows God gave her used to be. She has her eyelashes blackened and, they now say, added to by some creator of the mode a little crazier than the rest. She has lips dyed more redly than the scarlet with which a clown's nose is reddened. She must in many cases bleach her hair to the latest colour in hair. And (what is a more astonishing fact than any) a woman so equipped is received anywhere, seen at every society function.

Gone, remarked the man spectator, are the lovely English complexions, the lovely English girls; and in their places, like an enormous collection of marionettes, have come women with faces like a clown's.

Out of a million eggs handled by Brisbane dock workers only one was broken.

During Preston's Safety Week there were twice as many accidents as in the corresponding week last year.

A TRUE STORY OF ANGUS How He Adopted a Mother

Angus, let us call him, was a little Scottish boy in an orphanage.

His daily life was passed like that of all his companions, but with this difference. When the postman called at the institution leaving letters for the children from various aunts or people interested in them, Angus was overlooked. He had no relatives he knew of, and no friends in the great crowded world outside the orphanage door.

One day a lady (a C.N. friend), who works nearly all of each day making people well with her clever massaging fingers and also with all kinds of sun-ray treatments, thought she would like to do something special for somebody, and so went to visit this Scottish orphanage.

A class of small children was addressed by the superintendent: Would any child who had no friend outside please stand?

A Proud Boy

Up stood the dearest, loveliest thing in small schoolboys, with dark appealing eyes and a smiling mouth, that anybody could wish to see in a long lifetime.

And this was how Angus won an adopted relative. He tumbled into her heart instantaneously, and before the day was over he was a proud boy who could hold his own with anyone.

Someone at the other end of the post was going to send him letters, and little gifts, and love. A Mother had come into his life. Though he stayed on at the orphanage and she went back to the south-east of England the tiny invisible chains which link up those ridiculous things called miles all across the world, wherever love sends them forth or receives them, held firmly as the months and even years went by.

Then one day Angus was asked on a visit, and on this great occasion Mother met him at the station. As she waited on the platform she remembered the little dark-eyed boy who had stood up that day in school, and as the train drew in and passengers got out she looked about her. But no small boy had arrived.

Time's Little Trick

Then it occurred to her that she had quite forgotten the tricks Time plays on a grown-up. The years, so eventful to a growing boy, jog along rather alike to people more used to years; and when she finally found Angus he was a head taller than she was!

This adopted Mother is still working that Angus may be one day a useful member of the great human Society. She would like him to do something to relieve the hurts and troubles of the world, and Angus is as keen as she is.

May he prove that the sacrifice made on his account was worth every minute of it.

THE HORRIBLE SUBMARINE

What the Nations Think

The abolition of submarine warfare is most devoutly to be hoped for, and we are indebted to the Naval Correspondence of the Daily Telegraph for a summary of the views of the five chief Naval Powers.

Our policy is complete and universal abolition or, failing that, restriction to vessels of 250 tons for harbour defence.

America is also for complete abolition.

Japan is said to hold that she would gain more by the abolition of aircraft-carriers than she would lose by giving up submarines.

France desires to retain the submarine, holding it to be a defensive weapon. She now leads in this arm.

Italy proposed to scrap submarines if great battleships were also scrapped. She is, however, prepared to abolish submarines (and any and every kind of war thing) if other nations will agree.

Shunting in real railway style!



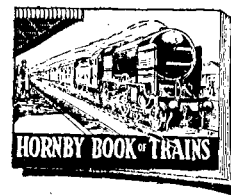
"Hitch 'em up!"

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This must be a Hornby Christmas for every boy who is keen on model trains.



New and better Hornby Book of Trains

The 1933/4 edition of the Hornby Book of Trains tells in a fascinating manner the story of the development of British Railways from their crude beginnings up to the famous express of the present day. A special section is devoted to electric railways, little known goods vehicles, and the work of the Railway Engineer. Page after page of interesting information, and every page illustrated.

The whole of the wonderful Hornby Railway System is described and illustrated in the book—Locomotives, Rolling Stock, and Accessories depicted in full colour.

You must have this Book! It may be obtained for 3d. from your dealer or post free from Meccano Ltd. for 4d. in stamps.

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M1 Goods Set	10/-	No. 1 Special Passenger Set	35/-
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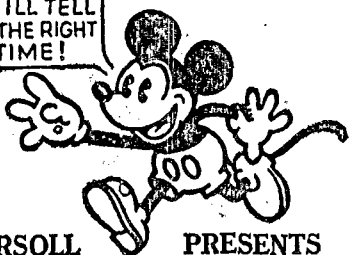
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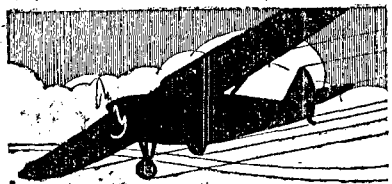
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THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 23 Paul and Esther

SETH HAMBLY'S guest having proved as good as his word, Job had been packed off to his job in the South and no more anonymous letters troubled the Cove.

Discussing the matter with Esther, as he did presently, Paul told her how Job had mumbled some words of apologies, lame and scarce audible words, before he departed, and how he himself had told Job not to worry about it. "I told him," said Paul, "that I'd only taken it as a joke, and that I was sorry now for showing my letter to Felix." (Paul had slipped into the habit of referring to his guardian as Felix.)

Esther had nodded her head over Job. "Although," she had owned, "he did break out suddenly, didn't he? He'd never gone in for such a trick before, Paul. But," she had added, "everything makes a start. I mean, there must be beginnings, mustn't there?"

"I suppose so," he admitted. "Esther, who's Isaac Chavis?"

He had slapped this question at her with startling abruptness.

"Who is he? I don't know. He's come to live at Friar's Cowl, on the cliff."

"Yes, I know. But, who is he? What does he want?"

"I haven't asked him," Esther returned, with a laugh.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes. Haven't you?"

"Not close to," said Paul.

"Then listen," she bade. "I'm pretty good at describing. Men aren't much use at descriptions because as a rule they can't see a yard in front of their noses."

"Yes, thank you," said Paul, grinning.

"But girls notice everything. Paul, I'll tell you what I noticed about Mr Chavis. He stopped me the other day to ask me some question, then calmly shook hands, and his hands felt just like a fish, Paul! All dank and flabby—horrible, Paul!"

"Well, he can't help that," said Paul.

"No, I suppose he can't, but it gave me the creeps. Well, what's he got to do with you?" she said quickly.

"Nothing," said Paul. "Not at present. So far as I know, Esther. But he's turning

up, I believe, at Carn Dolphin this morning, and Felix sent word that I'd got to stand by to meet him."

"Felix sent word! Do you mean he sends word down by Trencher?"

"Yes, always. He hasn't been downstairs since that other day at the inn. If I want to see him I have to send word up by Trencher. If he wants to see me it's just the other way round."

"But you told me Felix was better."

"So he is, Esther. He says it's the sea air that's bucking him up. But of course at any time he may have a relapse, that is to say, his heart may get troublesome again, so he has to be frightfully careful, Trencher declares. He's writing a book, too, or something. He can't be disturbed. Why, he hasn't even found time to start work with me yet."

"You can manage without him?"

"I have to. I slog along somehow. But I'd like to know why he wants me to meet Isaac Chavis?"

"He wants Mr Chavis to teach you."

"Yes, I'd thought of that myself. Yes, I daresay you've hit it!"

Her eyes began to dance.

"So do I!" she affirmed. "Three hours hard work for you every morning with Isaac—and I hope you'll like his flabby hands more than I did! Oh, well, you'd better bring him out in the boat, Paul!"

She referred to the smaller of her father's two boats, which she and Paul often sailed in the summer together. And it wouldn't be long before summer came again now.

"Paul, he can teach you your books and we'll teach him sailing! When we're tired we'll make him pull us. He'd love that!"

"Oh, would he?" laughed Paul.

"Paul, we'll take him to the Three Chimneys." But then she stopped abruptly and her face fell; she glanced at Paul nervously. Her mind had flashed away to the wreck of the brig, and she felt that Paul would shun those two dread rocks in future. He must hate their very sight or the least mention of them.

To her great relief he answered the thought in her mind.

"No, Esther," he said, with his straight, steady eyes on her own, "I am not afraid

JACKO HAS A TASTY MORSEL

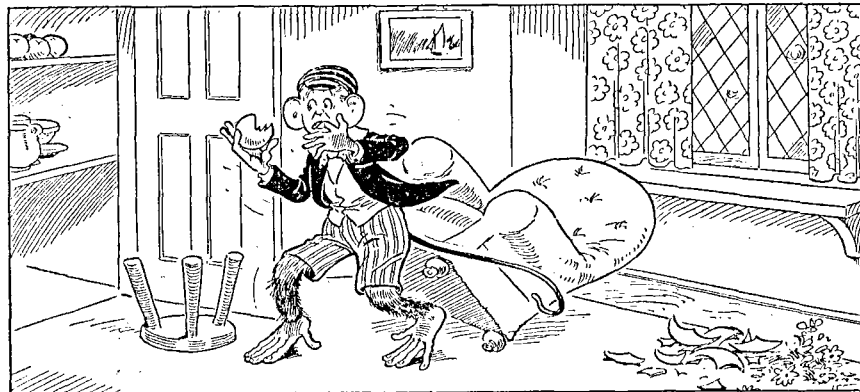
It was a proud moment for Mother Jacko when she set off in a taxi to open a Sale of Work; and a happy one for them all when she arrived home, by and by, laden with parcels. Jacko and Baby were so full of curiosity that they could hardly wait while she undid the wrappings.

"Don't get too excited," she exclaimed, handing them out some toffee and a

"Here goes for a raid on the larder!" he chuckled. "Always full of grub for a hungry lad!"

No such luck today! The pantry door was locked and the key was in Mother Jacko's pocket.

It made Jacko feel hungrier than ever. He skipped off to the dining-room cupboard, for he suddenly remembered the apples. There they were, looking so



It was tastier than he wanted

packet of chocolate. "They're nearly all useful things except a few novelties."

"Eatables, you mean!" cried Jacko, whose quick eye had spotted a basket of delicious-looking rosy apples.

"You mustn't touch those!" ordered his mother sharply. "I want them for our next little party. They're a sort that will keep."

"They wouldn't if I'd half a chance," grunted Jacko, who thought he had never seen such fruit before.

Mrs Jacko put the basket on a high shelf in the cupboard, and the apples were forgotten, till one afternoon when Jacko came home and found the house empty.

tempting that Jacko smacked his lips as he climbed on a stool to reach one.

He had just clutched it nicely when the stool tipped and sent him sprawling on the back of an armchair. Whoop! the chair tilted, and away he shot on to the window-ledge, where he picked himself up—and a broken plant pot too!

Jacko rubbed his knees and crawled after the apple which had rolled away.

"Well," he muttered, taking a huge bite. "I jolly well deserve a tasty morsel after that."

He got it! The morsel was even tastier than he wanted, for the apple was made of soap!

of the Grimballs, or the Three Chimneys." He had paused at the word afraid as though seeking a better one.

But Esther understood. He meant that he was not shrinking from those two rocks, in spite of the bitter recollections they raised.

"One day in the summer we'll go there again," he said quietly.

"As we used to do," she replied.

"Yes—but I say," he broke off as he jumped to his feet, "unless I hurry up I'll be late. So long!"

Off he hurried, with his mind as well in a hurry of curiosity regarding his forthcoming meeting with this Mr Chavis, who, in a manner of speaking, had dropped from the skies on the lonely little cottage they called Friar's Cowl.

He found his guardian over his bowl of broth, and was bidden with a gesture to sit down and wait. Then continually, after raising the spoon to his lips, the old gentleman would glance up with that strange pondering look which had made Paul so uncomfortable at their first meeting. He turned his head and glanced at the bookshelves, and flowers, some early blooms which Trencher had brought in that morning. But directly he turned again he met that odd look.

Felix sipped in silence until the basin was empty.

Next from a decanter at his elbow he poured out a glass of wine, and sipped at this in turn between nibbles of toast. "My luncheon, my dear lad," he murmured, raising his glass.

CHAPTER 24

A Chance in a Thousand

PAUL could hear the sea surging below.

He was pricking his ears for the stranger's arrival, for a step on the gravel and Trencher's heavy tread to the door. But no sound came from below, the house was quite still, there was no movement in the kitchen, nothing but silence. So deep a silence that it seemed to be cutting Paul off, seemed as though it had him alone and were waiting and listening. And a disagreeable fancy came to his mind of Trencher standing dead-still in the kitchen, listening; Trencher with his hard, set face, with compressed lips, and his head on one side a little, waiting, and listening.

Then a gull screamed out suddenly from the cliffs, and Felix Rim smiled.

"You don't look at all yourself, my dear lad. What's the matter?"

Paul shook his head. Of course there was nothing the matter. This feeling of something impending was absolute nonsense. And yet back it stole with his guardian's very next word, though that was one single word only, and but his own name.

"Paul?" It was uttered in a tone of such singular intoneness.

He straightened himself and bit on his lip, very sure now that something was coming to justify his premonition, something unpleasant that had cast its shadow before it.

"Paul?" he said, squaring his jaw.

"I must take you into my confidence."

Oh, then, what was it? And had it to do with Chavis? Why hadn't Chavis come yet?

"You will have to leave here, Paul."

Paul passed his tongue across his lips but kept silence.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yes, I heard you, sir," he replied.

"I am keeping nothing back from you," Felix went on, and he leaned a little forward now as he was speaking. "I should like you to remain with me, but that can't be. We haven't the means, Paul. Our joint incomes are quite insufficient to carry on this house and provide for the three of us."

"We could do without Trencher," Paul said in a low, guarded voice.

"Oh, no, we couldn't," said Felix, sighing again. "So I'm bound to suggest that you go and fend for yourself. You're old enough and you're strong enough. And I'll help you."

"You'll help me!" said Paul.

"Yes, of course, I will with all my heart."

"Away from the Cove?"

"Yes, right away, Paul." Then Felix stopped and held up one hand in an attitude of attention. "Ah, listen!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Here's Mr Chavis."

The house sprang to life again. Paul heard Trencher go to the door, then a mutter of voices, and an instant later Trencher appeared in the room with a middle-sized and sallow-faced man at his heels. He looked unhealthy and flabby, his eyes had no lustre; he was well but plainly dressed and was carrying gloves.

Paul stared at the gloves, an unusual sight in the Cove.

Having helped the man off with his overcoat, Trencher picked up Felix's tray and

Continued on page 18

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THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Continued from page 16

marched away with it, leaving the door slightly open behind him.

Paul jumped up and closed it.

As he did so Isaac Chavis glanced at him sideways.

"I must introduce you," said Felix. "Mr Chavis, this is my ward." And as their hands met Paul remembered what Esther had told him, how this person's hands were flabby and dank like a fish. There was no grip nor warmth at all in the hand which joined Paul's. It felt much more, Paul thought, like taking a toad in your palm.

He smiled to himself at that thought. He must tell it to Esther. No, Esther, he'd say, it was less like a fish than a toad.

"Well, Paul!" Felix was smiling from one to the other. "Mr Chavis and I are old friends. He has come to the Cove to recuperate after an accident. Are you pulling round, Chavis?" he added solicitously.

"Yes, thank you," the man replied in a flat, toneless voice. There was no more life in his voice than in his limp hands, nor had his sallow face lighted up.

"But you don't propose to leave yet?"

"No, not yet," said Chavis.

"But that won't make any difference to our arrangement?"

"Why should it?" said Chavis.

There was a little silence while the two men regarded each other, and Paul's mind hastened back, as how could it help doing, to that which his guardian had said a few minutes ago. So he had to leave Carn Dolphin. Felix expected it. Suggested it and expected it. Well—

"Listen, Paul!"

He looked up at Felix, and waited.

"Paul, Mr Chavis grows flowers and fruit in the Scilly Islands. It is very agreeable work in delightful surroundings. And a prosperous undertaking, I think you said, Chavis?"

"Oh, very," said Chavis laconically.

"There's plenty of money in it?"

The listless man nodded.

Felix steadily gazed at Paul. "There we are, then!" he muttered. "A friend in need is a friend indeed. Thank you, Chavis. He nodded brightly at Paul. "Come! Thank him yourself, lad! It's a chance in a thousand! A chance in a thousand!" he echoed.

As steadily Paul looked back at him. "What is it?" he asked.

"This splendid offer my friend is making you, Paul. I had told him of the difficulties you and I were discussing—"

"The money difficulty?" Paul said in a straight voice.

"Yes, our deplorable difficulty of ways and means. And at once he offered to take you into his business."

"His business in Scilly?"

"Yes, fascinating," purred Felix, as he bent to inhale the scent of the blooms on his table. "What an opportunity, Paul! Oh, my dear lad, it makes me so happy—so very happy!" he emphasised, with a bright glance. "No longer any anxiety about your future. You're provided for. For life, Paul! Thank Mr Chavis."

But Paul sat as still as a stone with no words on his lips.

"We will find you a boat very soon. You will take him across, Chavis?"

The laconic man nodded once more.

"So this is the arrangement, my dear lad," smiled Felix. "Although Mr Chavis can't abandon his cottage at once, because naturally he must put his health first, he has kindly promised to take you across to the Scillies, where he'll see you settled down with his manager before he returns here. Oh, and did I mention that you'll be bound to him for three years?"

"And after that, sir?"

"And after that," said the sallow-faced man to Paul's question, "if you've served me well, you'll have every cause to be pleased, lad. I promise no more. But I promise no less," he concluded.

CHAPTER 25

The Citadel

As soon as Isaac Chavis had taken his leave, after Felix's assurance that the matter should be speedily arranged, it remained for Paul to emerge from that shell of reserve which the presence of Chavis had been imposing upon him and to disclose his mind with entire frankness to Felix. He declared bluntly that he wished to stay at Carn Dolphin and offered cheerfully to work his passage, as he phrased it, by undertaking the housework in Trencher's place.

But Felix Rim rejoined that this was impossible. Trencher, he pointed out, was both servant and nurse, and though Paul

could possibly do the work in the house as might even at a pinch manage some sort of rough cooking, he had certainly no experience of waiting on invalids and accordingly could not be trusted to fill Trencher's shoes. That argument, Felix said sorrowfully, needed no stressing.

There and then it sprang to the very tip of Paul's tongue to reveal the wish expressed in his father's last letter. Yet the letter had been destroyed and its contents were sacred. But he might at least drop a hint of his father's desire and see whether that would carry any weight now.

"Sir," said he, "supposing my father had wished me to stay here, not to leave on any account, how should we stand then?"

Felix sighed. "Ah, wishes! One tries to respect them. But our dearest wishes must sometimes give way to necessity."

Speaking generally, that was true enough, Paul admitted. To himself; for he did not continue this point aloud. Instead, like a dogged terrier worrying a bone, he fastened his teeth into the money side of the argument. His fifty pounds a year, he said, paid by the Bank could be devoted, every penny, to helping Felix out, for he wouldn't want any new clothes himself for a long time, and how much would his own actual keep cost? So very little!

He argued this very well.

But it didn't move his guardian, who replied, "But consider, Paul! Could I remain here as a pensioner upon your charity? For that is what your generous suggestion amounts to. Whereas, by my alternative I rest under no obligation either to you yourself, Paul, or to my dear friend your father. For though undoubtedly I shall have to retain some of your money for the house I shall be giving you a return more than ample."

"I don't see that," Paul said.

"I shall have put you into the way of earning your living. You see it now? I retain some small part of your income, my poverty and not my will consenting," sighed Felix, "but in exchange I have found you a well-paid occupation and, very likely, a splendid position for life. You see your generous proposal would keep me your debtor! A guardian in debt to his ward! That would never do, Paul!"

Paul saw that now. His offer embarrassed his guardian, its acceptance would place the old gentleman in an odious position. "Sir, I suppose," he ventured with natural shyness, "that when you promised my father to take charge of me you were better off?"

"I was," said Felix. "That was some years ago. Times have changed, Paul."

There was one more point, but Paul hesitated to touch it, for how much did Felix know of that mysterious hint in his father's last letter, every word of which hint he had had by heart ever since: "When you reach the age of twenty-one, my dear son, you may look, I think, to come into great riches." Paul reflected. His father had taken nobody into his confidence: not even to his lawyer had he confided this. It was highly unlikely, then, that he'd told Felix anything. Paul wondered—should he sound the old gentleman about it?

For what purpose? Well, as Paul told himself in his reflections, if the chance was good they might borrow money against it, to enable all three to carry on at Carn Dolphin.

"Sir," he uttered at last, without any intentness, speaking merely as one who draws a bow at a venture, "I suppose I shan't come into any more money some day?"

"Not a penny," Felix answered, shaking his head.

So he didn't know. Paul had finished. There was no more to argue. And nothing more to be done except to decide.

"May I think it over?" he said.

"You don't want to go?"

"No, I don't, sir."

"Why ever not?" Felix was speaking gently, persuasively, patiently. "You've finished your schooling, you know I can't keep you at school."

"But I thought, sir—" Paul stammered.

The old gentleman waved that aside. "No, my health isn't up to helping you with your books. I had hoped that it would be. It isn't. The strain would exhaust me. So you surely don't wish to kick up your heels in the Cove, to become a mere hanger-on, or a fisherman, Paul? Your father wouldn't have wished you to descend to that. And consider again! My wishes? Won't you respect them? Are you seriously resisting my rights as your guardian?"

It was so manifest. And what could Paul put against it? Nothing except a dead man's wish. Nothing else. But that wish stood up as a great strong wall in his mind

Continued on page 20

Odol

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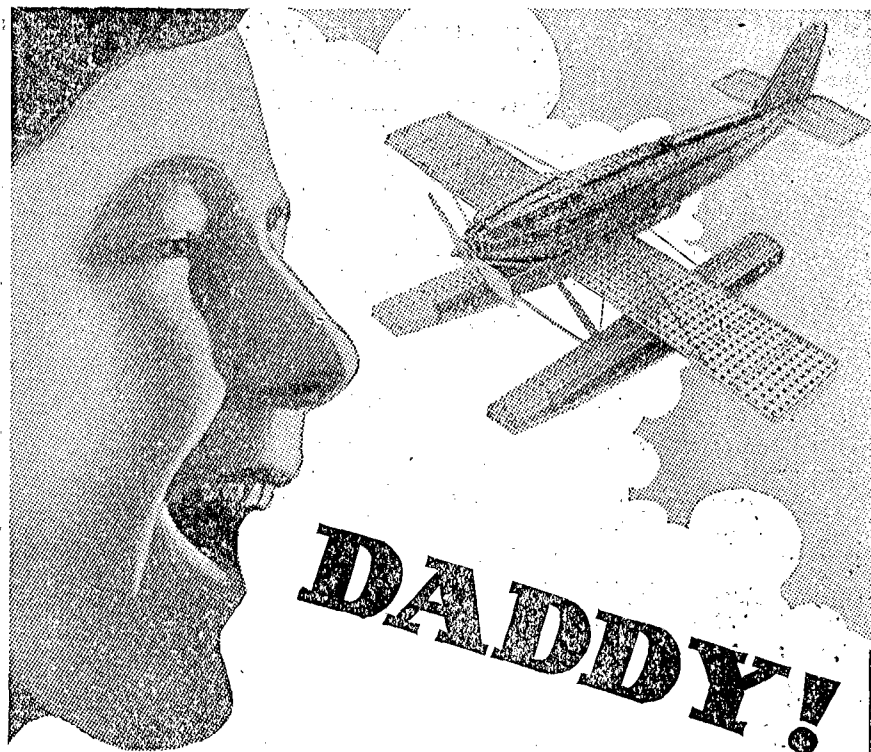
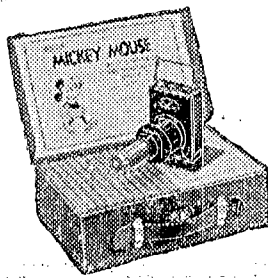
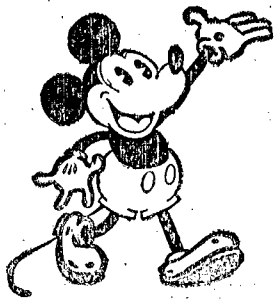
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MECCANO

THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Continued from page 18

against which all other arguments shattered themselves. That wish stood up like a break-water holding the seas back; it shone out through the storm and toss of perplexity like the steadfast beam of a lighthouse breaking the night. That wish was the citadel into which he retreated.

"No, sir," he said. "I've made up my mind. I'm not going. Not out of disrespect for yourself. But I can't, sir."

Felix sighed once more. The room had grown suddenly darker, in the shadow of a heavy cloud crossing the sun. He waited till it had passed, then spoke very slowly. "I am sorry," he said. "For your own sake."

Paul noticed how grey his face turned while he was speaking.

CHAPTER 26

Behind the Dresser

PAUL was munching an apple. He had just come across a dish of them in the living-room, and was minded to put one in his pocket to serve as his lunch in St Tregarthen, whither he would wander off for a chat with his friends at the Grammar School, for, Esther being laid up with some trifling complaint, he was feeling a little tired of his own company.

A week had passed since his flat refusal of Felix's offer, and his guardian had left him severely to himself. No sign had come from upstairs, no message of any kind; it looked as if the old gentleman was paying him out for his obstinacy. Nor had Isaac Chavis, appeared at Carn Dolphin, so Paul supposed that Trencher had taken him word that the matter was dropped.

The apples were small. He selected one, then another, and had dropped them into his pocket when he observed that the room looked suddenly different. At breakfast it had looked just the same as usual, but now something had been altered or something was missing.

And then he made out what it was. So long as he could remember the wall opposite the door had been almost entirely taken up by a long high-backed dresser, nearly touching the ceiling, black with age, and covered with powder and china. It

had gone since he'd had his breakfast; it must have been moved while he was running to Michael Porthgarra's to ask after Esther. And of course its absence accounted for the strange difference.

He stared at the wall. Why, he'd never seen it before, except the trifle at either side which the dresser had spared. He stared so because he perceived that the middle of the wall had not been limewashed over like all the rest, perhaps never at any time, but instead presented a dark and much-scratched wooden panelling, flush with the masonry and covered with carvings.

It would have been just as if someone had knocked a door through the wall, had this unforeseen panelling had hinges, and a knob, and so forth.

He was about to step up to it when he heard someone breathing behind him, and spun on his heel to find Trencher regarding him closely. "I say, Trencher!" he cried at once. "What's become of the dresser?"

Trencher answered that they were sending it off to Falmouth.

"But why?" he pressed.

"Because it wants repairing," growled Trencher. "It's a valuable piece. An antique. Mr Felix means to have it repaired and restored. Now, I'd say it had never been touched in your father's time! Do you remember it ever having been moved from the wall?"

Although the man had spoken in his customary hard, surly tone he appeared for once in a while inclined for a chat. He came up to the table and sat sideways upon it, swinging one leg and looking at Paul all the while. "I lay," he said, "you've never seen that wall without the dresser?"

"No," said Paul, "I haven't. What is that panelling doing there?"

"Don't ask me," said Trencher indifferently, shrugging his shoulders. "It's a queer house is this, Mr Paul. And I have heard tell in the Cove that a queer fellow built it. He was a Mr Buckle or Bickle Thomas, some name like that, who managed the tin mine in its earliest days."

Paul nodded. "Yes," he smiled. "They spin all sorts of yarns of him. But that was ages ago. The mine has been closed long since."

"But your friend Michael Porthgarra remembers his father telling what an odd fellow that Thomas was. Enormously clever, but chockful of whimsies and cranks.

Why, he built a secret garret, they say, up at the top of this house; though no one has ever discovered it, or ever will."

"A secret garret! Why?"

"To hide himself in. Don't ask me why he wanted to hide himself," grunted Trencher. "But no doubt he had his own reasons. That secret garret was under the pantiles, they say, or the moulded tiles on the roof. But it's been blocked up since."

"Who blocked it up?"

"I don't know. I'm going by hearsay. And here's another bit of hearsay," smiled Trencher. "There's a secret passage from this house right to the mine; it's a tunnel that connects with one of the galleries. Thomas built that to amuse himself, I suppose."

"Or to save himself time getting into the workings," guessed Paul. "He would not have to go round to the mouth of the shaft then."

"Well, one thing or another, I daresay," said Trencher, as his eye strayed to the panelling in the wall. "But I don't believe it myself. It's fudge," he declared, and dropping from the table moved toward the door. "I'll be busy upstairs all the morning with Mr Felix. Were you thinking of going out, Mr Paul?"

"Yes, I thought of going across the moor," Paul replied.

"I would," said Trencher, as he went from the room, after pausing to shoot another glance at the panels.

Alone again, Paul stepped right up to these, which were so encrusted with dirt and so rubbed by the dresser that at first he had difficulty in recognising the carving. Then he made out that it represented pick-axes and miner's lamps arranged symmetrically in groups of five at a time; four little axes surrounding each miniature lamp. When he had fetched a brush and a damp cloth from the kitchen and cleaned off the dirt and the dust he decided that the eccentric manager must have been a fine hand with the chisel, so exquisite was the tracery of the design.

There was no one in the kitchen when he had run in, but Trencher was very audible overhead.

Having cleaned the panelling he stood back to inspect it, and was concluding that it would do next with a good polish when he started in the excitement of a new thought. What had Trencher mentioned

just now about a supposed secret passage between the house and the mine? A supposed secret passage! Well, what was that panelling doing there, all by itself, so to speak, in the middle of the wall? It wasn't intended a bit to resemble a door. So what was it?

You had to have some way of entering a passage!

Oh, St Tregarthen could wait. This was far more thrilling. One had read about this sort of thing, of cunning contrivances, of hiding holes and innocent-looking concealments. It was easy enough to imagine Thomas knocking a door through this wall to his passage and then in some whim, perhaps as much for amusement as anything else, removing the door and replacing it by this carved panelling which could turn itself into a door by some artful device. Well, one could determine that in a very few moments: not the trick of turning the panel into a door but the detection of whether there was masonry behind the panel; that is to say, immediately behind it and touching it. In other words, was the panel a mask which had some recess?

Paul rushed for a hammer and chisel. With his heart beating fast he placed the chisel against the middle of the panelling and struck it two blows with the hammer. He was listening for the unmistakable dull sound of wood against stone. But that which came instead was a resonant echo.

He raised the hammer again; struck the chisel again. The echo came louder.

That settled it! It was hollow behind the panel. Oh, he hoped that Trencher wouldn't disturb him!

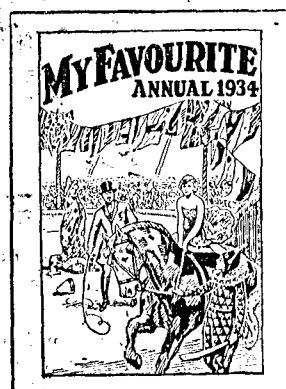
He was almost holding his breath as his fingers played carefully here and there and everywhere among the little axes and lamps, one of which, he supposed, would form the contrivance or spring. But they gave him no result. Then he knelt on the floor and began with his thumb to press the bottom of the panelling which was bordered by a series of beaded projections. He mounted a chair next and tried the top the same way. But he found nothing.

Standing back once more, he looked very hard at the panelling. It looked back at him. He could fancy it grinning defiance. This fancy grew so strong that he shook his fist at it. "There must be some way of opening you," he said savagely.

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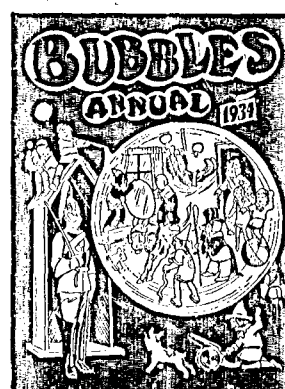


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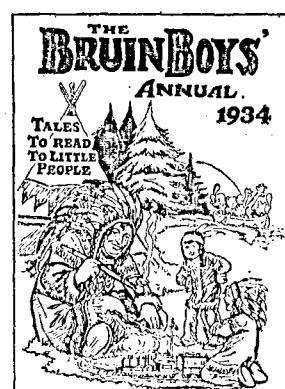


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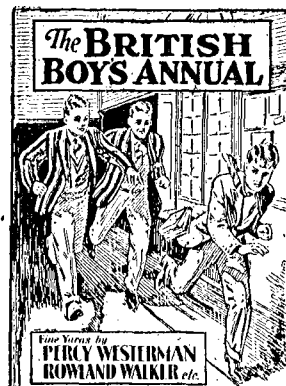
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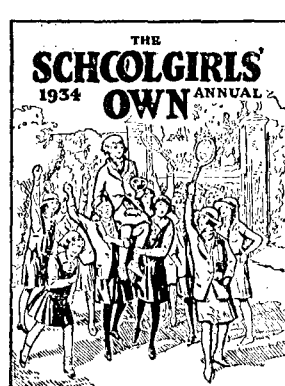
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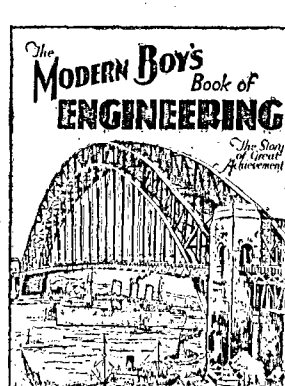
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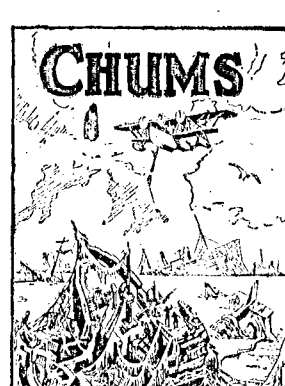
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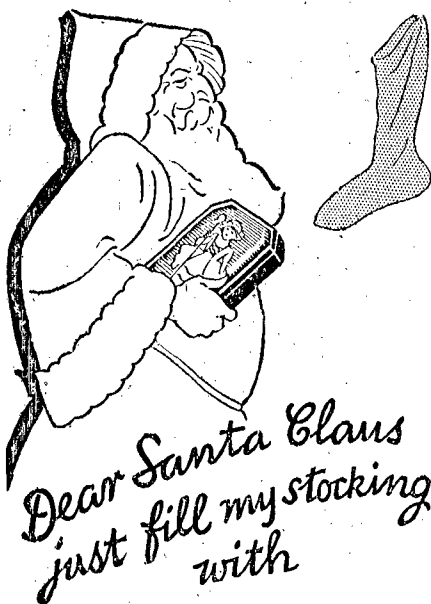
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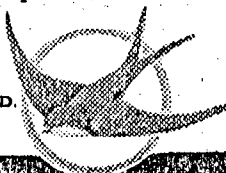
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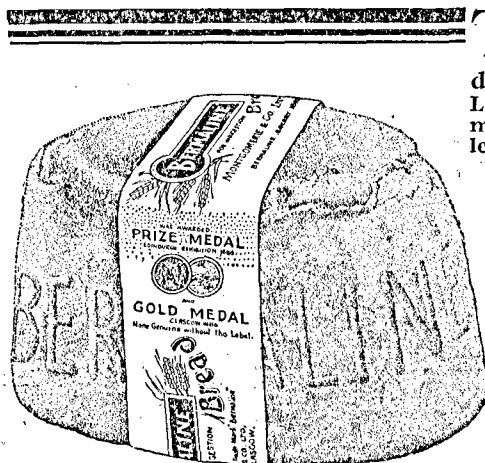
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A Sunshine Cruise

When Christmas comes there will be happy and fortunate people sailing south on pleasure ships in search of sunshine. At sea the Sun will shine on them as they bask in deck-chairs, and at the ports they touch the flowers will still be blooming and the breeze whispering in the palms.

They may cast a backward thought to those left behind in the mist and the rain, and will shudder pleasantly at the contrast. Yet millions of those who have stayed at home will not really need commiseration, for they can draw the curtains close in the lighted room and in the blaze of the cheerful fire find sunshine on the hearth.

Those in the Shadow

But for those who go and those who stay the sunshine will be brighter and more blessed if they remember those who are in the shadow—the waifs and strays who see the sunlit seas only in posters, the poor and the hungry who think themselves lucky if they can have one good feast at Christmas time or the gift of a hundredweight of coals. These are not the only ones who need the wish so lightly given to all of A Happy Christmas. There are the poor children in the hospitals. Every heart goes out to them. Those of us who have been cheered by their ready gaiety when the wards are lighted with candles and the Christmas tree holds out its branches laden with promises soon to be fulfilled know that kindly souls will see to their well-being. But we shall feel ourselves the poorer if we have not contributed to it.

It seems almost a pity that those luxury liners could not make a sunshine cruise about all such places, bringing a bit of the sunshine with them. They might begin by calling at the port of Bexhill, and looking in at the Little Folks Home; or they might give a hail to the Arethusa Training Ship, which is the consort at sea of the Shaftesbury Homes on shore, and where poor boys are trained to enter the Navy and the Mercantile Marine and be a credit

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Please help this great work of CHILD LIFE-SAVING by sending

APPEAL SUPPLEMENT



at Christmas Time

to this sea-girt isle. But after that the pleasure-seekers who aim also at being pleasure-givers must make a land excursion. It might take them to the ever-ready Dr Barnardo's Homes, where there is a family of more than 8000 children waiting to cheer and be cheered. Then there are the John Groom Cripples, who cannot be missed out; and the Field Lane Refugees, whose very name is an invitation to charity. This shore excursion which we picture cannot be got over in a hurry, for we must visit the Queen's Hospital if only to see the little patients in their cots with the red coverlets; and there are the West Ham Mission on the other side of London and the After Care Association who look after the Physically Defective Children, as well as The National Society of Day Nurseries where a quarter of a million children are cared for throughout the year.

All these can show us the visible need for support. Beyond them still are the societies like those for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which indicate rather sadly another kind of need; and the excursionists must not forget the dogs they left behind them whose interests are watched by the Canine Defence League, the Animal Defence League, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A Silent Appeal

This is the time of year when they rather shyly hold out a beseeching hand. They are not like the sturdy children who a month ago were fiercely begging us to Remember the Guy, or who even now are at our doors singing Good King Wenceslas out of tune. On the contrary, their appeal is rather a silent one. But it should sound loudly in every heart. Those who are packing their cabin trunks for the pleasure cruise should leave something out for them. Those who are staying at home should see that among their Christmas gifts is one for those brave, poor things who can only return unspoken thanks.

ARTHUR MEE

Are the Children Down East to Enjoy Christmas?

WE have a family of about 3,000, and many of them have fathers who are out of work and mothers who cannot afford even to give them a little extra food.

**"No toys! No crackers!
No goodies! No nothink!"**

Wouldn't you like to help us to make Christmas real to these poor children? It is only selfish children who never think of others. What a happy Christmas you would have if you gave a happy Christmas to some other child! We want toys, puddings, clothes and money.

Gifts, large and small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged by—

Rev. R. ROWNTREE CLIFFORD,

WEST HAM CENTRAL MISSION
409, Barking Road, London, E.13

A
GIFT FOR ANIMALS

A DONATION TO
THE
R. S. P. C. A.
105 JERMYN STREET
LONDON
S.W.1

The National Society of Day Nurseries

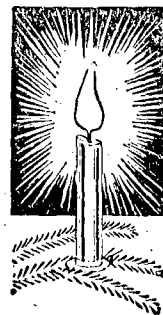
(and its Affiliated Nurseries and Holiday Home)

appeals for your help this Christmastide.

250,000 children, whose mothers go out to work, are cared for at the various Nurseries throughout the year.

Donations to be sent to—

The Hon. Treasurer,
N.S.D.N., Carnegie House, 117, Piccadilly, W.1.



IF YOU REMEMBER

the joys of your own childhood, particularly at Christmastide... will you enable some less fortunate little one to enjoy a happy home life by helping

THE N.S.P.C.C.

The Guardian of Ill-treated Children

Kindly send a Christmas donation now to Hon. Treas., Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart., or to Director, William J. Elliott, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.

Christmas and the Animals

What is Christmas? It is the celebration of a little Child, poor and

forlorn, who was born in a stable among the animals. They were His friends. Remember this, and in the midst of your own Christmas joy do something to help those animals who are lonely, unhappy and suffering.

Give your dog freedom, comradeship, and care for him well. Watch over your cat, so that he does not get lost; give him warmth and good food.

If you have rabbits, give them a nice hutch, space to move about, plenty of water, and fresh green food.

Your bird needs a large cage for his house and a chance of stretching his wings in flight within the safety of a closed room; fresh water and seed.

A horse wants friendly care, a warm blanket in cold weather, enough to eat and a clean bed.

Wherever you see an animal ill-treated or lost, it is for you to prove his friend and protector.

Join the Animal Defenders in

THE YOUTH GROUP

by sending 1/- (which includes blue and gold badge) to the

Animal Defence & Anti-Vivisection Society,

15, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

(formerly 35, Old Bond Street, W.1.)

Thousands of Crippled Children are looking for Santa Claus!



Tens of thousands of children, crippled and ill-nourished and poor, are looking with bright eyes through the Christmas windows—at gifts that can never be theirs.

Or can they? That depends on you! Just a new top, a pretty doll... or something more needful, like strong boots and heavy woollies. But anything, and quickly please, to the

SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY

and Ragged School Union (1844)

Patrons: Their Majesties THE KING & QUEEN.

Treasurers: Sir Chas. Sanders, K.B.E., and Walter Scoles, Esq.

8,300 Cripples registered and assisted.

177 Associated Missions in poorest London.

Anything you send will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary: Mr. Arthur Black, John Kirk House, 32, John Street, London, W.C.1.

To Health

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME, Bexhill-on-Sea

(Seaside Branch of THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL)

44 BEDS

£35,000 needed annually to maintain Hospital and Home.

NO GIFT TOO SMALL.

your CHRISTMAS GIFT to the Secretary at the Hospital.



TO DOG LOVERS

THE DOGS' BULLETIN

is chock-full of interesting features and sound advice for dog owners. Please write or call (10-5) for a free copy.

The League's Doggy Calendar for 1934, by Arthur Wardle, R.I., is a sumptuous production in colour-gravure, only 1s.6d. post free (and free from advertising). Stamps accepted. By purchasing, you ensure a year's pleasure and also help sick and injured dogs.

NATIONAL CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE

VICTORIA STATION HOUSE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Arthur Mee's
HEROES
Sixpence every Friday

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 9, 1933

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's
HEROES
Sixpence every Friday

THE BRAN TUB

Early and Late

MR EARLY and Mr Late both left the same town at the same time to motor to London to attend a business conference. Mr Early drove alone at a steady 20 miles an hour and arrived in London with half an hour to spare. Mr Late, who was a nervous driver and whose car had seen better days, averaged 16 miles an hour and arrived at the meeting three-and-a-half hours after it had begun.

How far was it from their town to London? *Answer next week*

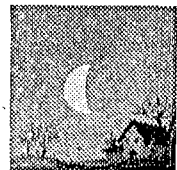
Long Words

It is sometimes said that the longest word in the English language is *smiles* because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

This is not the case, however, for there is a much longer word, *beleaguered*, which has a league, or three miles, between the first and last syllables.

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening the planets Venus, Saturn, and Mars are in the South-West, and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Mercury and Jupiter are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Monday, December 11.



A Familiar Quotation

EHT GNIWOLDREH DNIW
YL WOLSREOEHTAEL

When properly arranged this collection of letters will be found to make a line from a well-known and oft-quoted poem. Probably you will soon see the hidden words by looking carefully at the letters. *Answer next week*

Next Week in the Countryside

GREENFINCHES are seen collecting in flocks. Moles are now busily at work throwing up their hillocks. A few flowers are still to be found, including daisy, polyanthus, and furze. Berries still remain on the privet bushes. The stoat is wearing his white winter coat in the northern counties.

Where the Weather is Different

It is a curious fact that there is one part of Great Britain where the weather is usually quite different from that obtaining elsewhere. This is the extreme north-west of Scotland, the actual area being about a third of the county of Sutherland. Time and again it

has been noticed that if the rest of the country is experiencing a cool, wet summer the conditions are just the reverse for 40 miles or so to the rear of Cape Wrath. On the other hand, if this north-west corner has an unsettled summer the rest of Great Britain will be enjoying fine weather. The weather at Duncansby Head at the extreme north-east may be of one definite type while at Cape Wrath, 70 miles to the west, the conditions will usually be exactly the opposite.

A Strange Sum

If from six you take nine,
And from nine you take ten,
This seems rather strange, I must own;
And if fifty from forty
Be taken, why then
You'll leave half a dozen alone. *Answer next week*

Harvesting Weeds

AMERICAN farmers who have been hard hit by the depression have found a strange source of income. Some of them have been gathering on their neglected land weeds that are used in the manufacture of medicines and drugs. One dealer has a price-list of about a hundred herbs, roots, and barks that he is prepared to buy, ranging in price from a few pence to 35s a pound.

Ici On Parle Français



Le rocher Le lecteur La rivière
rock reader river

Nous gravimes un rocher escarpé.
Le lecteur va lire à haute voix.
Traversez la rivière par le pont.

Two Animals

ARRANGE the eight words here given one under the other in a certain order, and you will have, reading downward in one of the upright columns, the name of an animal. Arrange them in another order and have, reading downward in another column, the name of another animal. What are the two animals?

FREEZE
BREEZE
SCORCH
BEHEST
BEHIND
REGRET
MADDER
MAGNET *Answer next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Sharing the Books. The nearest library received 99 books.

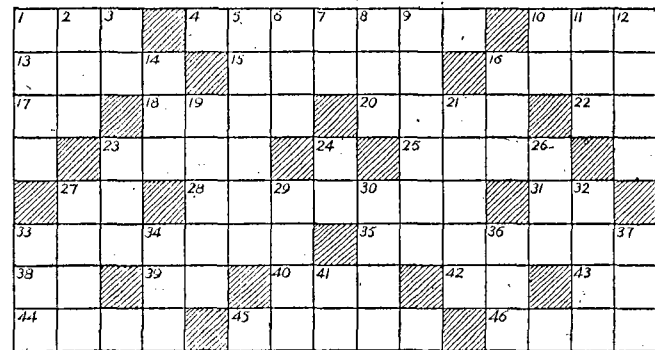
Tangled Writers

Andersen, Goldsmith, Stevenson, Thackeray, Ballantyne.

A Charade. Ear-wig.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 52 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which are given below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. A lout. 4. A mound. 10. Bustle. 13. A notion. 15. Musical instrument. 16. A minute particle of matter. 17. Myself. 18. Part of speech. 20. Newts. 22. Compass point.* 23. Pertaining to flying. 25. Rapid. 27. Above and touching. 28. Displays. 31. Automobile Association.* 33. A beacon. 35. Impedes. 38. Ounce.* 39. Preposition. 40. To mimic. 42. Editor.* 43. That is.* 44. Twelve months. 45. Acts. 46. A desert fruit.

Reading Down. 1. The linden. 2. A poem. 3. To become. 5. A tumult. 6. At equal distances from extremes. 7. Child's name for Mother. 8. Single. 9. A beverage. 10. Denotes contiguity. 11. To put on. 12. An augury. 14. Dread. 16. Donkey. 19. A yellow pigment. 21. To learn flavour. 23. Girl's name. 24. Bachelor of Arts.* 26. By-product of coal gas. 27. Soft mud. 29. Actual. 30. A squirrel's nest. 32. An approach. 33. A young brother. 34. Cone-bearing tree. 36. To put together. 37. To perceive. 41. Child's name for Father.

Dr MERRYMAN

These Dark Mornings

BILL: What is your greatest difficulty in life?

Jack: Trying to sleep while my alarm clock rings.

The Very Latest

A SUNDIAL in the old garden had attracted her attention.

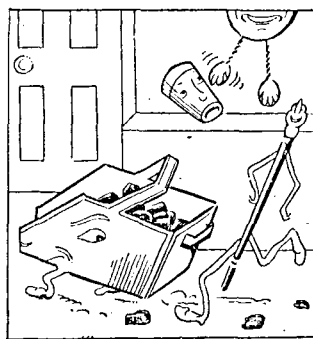
"What's that curious thing?" she asked.

So the working was explained.

"This piece standing up is called the gnomon, and it is arranged so that its shadow cast by the Sun tells the time."

"How amazing these modern inventions are," she gasped. "I wonder what they will think of next?"

Kitchen Mischief



THE clock struck the tumbler
And it tumbled to the floor;
The poker poked the coalscuttle
And it scuttled to the door.

Annoying

HE could play the piano, and he knew it. But, as usual, the first time he was asked he refused.

"Oh, all right; as you insist," he said, on being asked again. "What shall I play?"

"Just anything you like," replied his friend. "It's only to annoy the neighbours."

Useless

SAMBO and Rastus were having a little argument.

"You're just hopeless, Rastus," said Sambo in disgust.

"Hopeless, am I?" queried Rastus. "An' you're just as useless as a parachute in a submarine."

A Great Hunter

HE had just returned from a camping holiday abroad.

"Did you do much hunting?" he was asked.

"Rather," he replied enthusiastically. "We had daily hunts for the frying-pan, the tin-opener, and a hundred-and-one other things."

GOOD-DAY!

path again beyond. They were wet, they were rosy, they were warm.

So home they came at last, bedraggled and happy.

"All change!" said their father, and the bathroom was busy for a long time.

Tea seemed cosier than ever, and afterwards there were shoes to scrape and grease, and a promise of muddy flannels to be brushed next day. "Care to go out again?" asked their father.

"In the dark?" they asked.

Their father laughed.

"Well, you've just enjoyed a rainy walk," he said, "so one of these days we'll find out if a night walk is jolly, and I think you'll find—"

"It will be!" they cried.



"Cough please,"
"I can't Doctor,
I've just had an
'Allenburys' Pastille"

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES

Your Chemist
stocks them

4d. per oz.

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

Dullness
Feverishness
.. Inertia . . .
DEFEATED
Speedily and Safely
THIS
WAY!



Nothing tunes-up little systems and restores glowing, energetic health more speedily than Feen-a-Mint. Mothers all over the country know that the minor ailments from which children suffer are usually caused by poisons which clog the system. These must be removed quickly, otherwise danger threatens. Feen-a-Mint, because it is so pleasant to take (children love its sweet mint flavour); because its action is so utterly natural; because it is definitely non-habit forming, is the safest laxative to give. Keep a box handy in the home. 1/3 buys enough for several weeks.

Feen-a-mint
The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1d. in stamps (to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. C.3) 14, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

It poured and poured!
"It would!" grumbled Charles. "Five whole school-days of sunshine and now, on Saturday—this!"

"Everything planned," pouted Frank, "and now, everything unplanned."

Their father interrupted. "Why," he asked. "What were the plans?"

Charles produced a cutting from the paper.

"That walk, Dad," he said. "You said it looked good, and so we'd fixed today to try it."

"And look at the weather," mumbled Frank.

"Had you made your minds up to go for this ramble?" their father asked.

"Why, yes. Absolutely!" replied the boys, together.

"And the rain is going to stop you?"

"Well—look at it!"

Their father rose from his chair. "Get your mags," he said, "and thickest shoes; yes—and change into your oldest flannels."

"What! We're going?" asked Frank.

"We are—all three of us," was the answer. "Why should we go walks only on sunny days?"

Presently into the rain the trio went. They did the walk as the paper explained, and the rain did not stop. For over three hours they walked, and every minute was jolly. When the rain dwindled to a drizzle—well, it seemed like sunshine, and they stepped along merrily. When sudden

downpours came and the wind lashed the rain all aslant they sheltered behind hedges and stacks, and laughed at the greyness beyond. They walked beside a little stream that bubbled with froth.

They saw two water-rats. They watched a thrush haul up a fat worm, tie it in a knot, and then fly away with both together. They laughed at a baby rabbit that popped out of a burrow and, when it felt the rain, popped straight in again.

They met no one except an old labourer, who said Good-day! To which they replied cheerily, Good-day! They jumped pools in pathways, walked round squelchy hollows and had to find the